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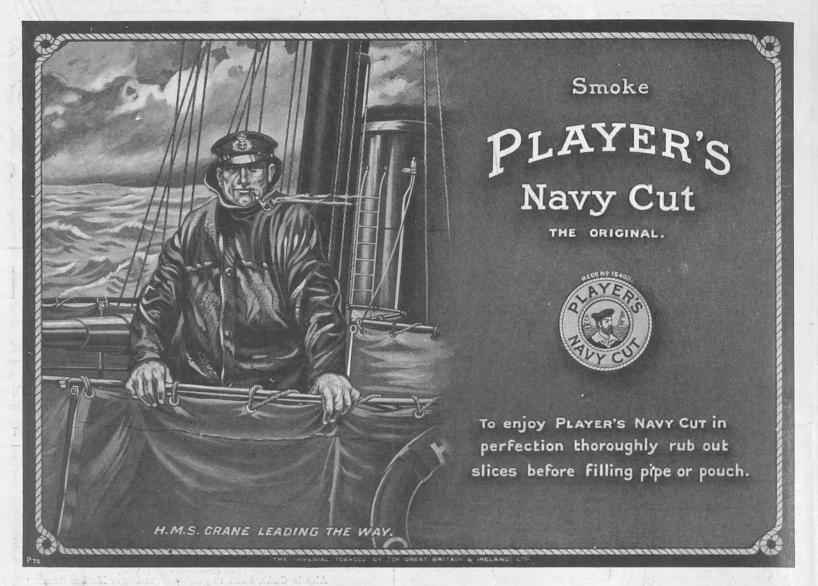
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No. 955. - Vol. LXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



OUR IMPERIAL VISITOR WHOM THE KING DELIGHTS TO HONOUR: THE KAISER.

It was arranged that the German Emperor and Empress, with their daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, should arrive at Port Victoria in the imperial yacht "Hohenzollern" on Sunday evening, disembark on Monday morning, and reach Victoria Station soon after midday; also that on Tuesday (the 16th) they should attend the unveiling by the King of the Memorial to Queen Victoria. To-night (the 17th) they are to be present with the King and Queen at a special Command performance of Bulwer Lytton's "Money," at Drury Lane, with a grand star cast. The Kaiser becomes more popular in this country every time he comes over. Grandson of Queen Victoria, son of the late Princess Royal, nephew of King Edward, and cousin of King George, he does not forget that he is a member of our royal house, as well as German Emperor. He was born at Berlin on Jan. 27, 1859. His marriage to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein took place there on Feb. 27, 1881.

On another page we illustrate some of the various phases of the Kaiser's remarkable versatility.



A few days ago I was walking up the long. No Use for Pennies. winding street of a little town in the heart of pastoral Warwickshire. It was a Saturday evening, and the wonderful hush that you always get in the country just after the sun has set-unless you happen to live next-door to a publichouse—had settled down upon the tiny community. Suddenly I perceived, advancing towards me rather unsteadily, a stranger.

I knew him at once for a stranger because his face was pale, and his clothes, though desperately shabby and dusty, of a cheap London cut. Three yards away from me he halted, drew his heels together, and saluted. Tipsy exaggeration detracted somewhat from the value of the salute as a money-getter.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the stranger, "but would you condescend to exchange a few words with an engineer from Chatham?"

"What is it?"

"I am making my way to the north of England, Sir, and, unfortunately, my wife has been taken seriously ill in this town. If you could spare me a trifle towards my night's lodging, I should be infinitely grateful."

I pulled my loose cash from my trouser-pocket, reflecting that sixpence would meet the case. As luck would have it, my smallest silver coin was half-a-crown - far too much for a poor writer to give to a drunken tramp in casual charity. I had one copper coin, a penny. This I held out to the stranger.

"Thank you, Sir," he said, with a splendid air of superiority, "but I fear that would be of no use at all. Pray keep it."

I was dining that night with the local doctor, and I told him of the incident.

"I hope the woman is not in danger," I observed.

"I really don't know," replied the doctor. "This is the first I've heard of her. And that class of person, as you probably know, runs for the doctor much more quickly than any other."

The stranger's scornful refusal of my worn but The Poor Brown honest penny reminded me of a conversation I had with a young gentleman in charge of a newspaper-stall at Vancouver. Having extorted tenpence for an old copy of Lloyd's Weekly News, he went on to tell me how rich they all were in that part of the world.

"We don't use any copper coins here, you know," he said. "Nothing less than a nickel. If you gave me any copper coins I should have to throw them into the street. They still use them in the Old Country, they tell me, but we've got a long way beyond that."

And yet there are people here who still refuse to believe in British Columbia and Canada as the Tom Tiddler's ground of our Empire!

I received this morning a long letter from some With Every gentlemen in British Columbia who apologise Apology. profusely for showing me how to provide for my sons without working for them. "In writing you the following letter," they begin, "we sincerely trust that you will not consider that we are unduly trespassing into the private and domestic affairs of home life; but the heavy taxes on landed estates in England, and the pending Socialistic legislation with which Great Britain is at present threatened, must tend to make people look into the future, more especially those with young and growing families to provide for." That is what I call a handsome opening. It half won me over directly I read it-a striking tribute to the clarity of style and persuasiveness of phraseology of the British Columbian financier.

"The object of this letter" the writers con-A Father in a Fartinue frankly, "is to show you how it is off Land. possible at a small annual cost to give your sons a genuine chance to succeed in life, and at the same time to invest in Broad Acres which are daily increasing in value." Doesn't that make your mouth water, friend the reader - more particularly the reference to "Broad Acres," with a large B and a big A? Really, the ingenuity of the scheme speaks volumes for the bracing nature of the climate. What financier could think out anything half so attractive in a stuffy London office? The letter is then divided into two parts. "Now, as regards the second part of our letter, in which we assume that your sons intend leaving almost immediately for this Country." (Personally speaking, the dear lads have yet to be born, but the writers of the letter evidently believe in looking well ahead. And they are perfectly right). "Instead of giving them, as was done in the good old days, a lump sum down, and wishing them God-Speed, we suggest that you remit us the amount you wish to be invested, and we will locate them in which ever district they may select, and give them the benefit of our experience, the lack of which so often proves so disastrous to young men fresh from the old country." Tears fill my eyes. I can quote no more. My one regret is that I cannot "do it now."

Another gentleman has written to me with The Poets Come to reference to a poetical calendar that he pro-Their Own at Last. poses to publish in commemoration of the Coronation. There will be an original poem, I understand, for each day in the year, and no poet will write more than one poem. The twenty-ninth of February is to be included in the calendar, thus making room for one more poet who would otherwise be crowded out. All poets of the United Kingdom, I believe, will be eligible for inclusion in this noteworthy volume, so that, in any case, even taking in the twenty-ninth of February, there is bound to be something of a scramble. Attached to the end of the letter is one of those convenient little pieces that may be torn off without marring the lengthier document. On this little slip I am invited to fill in my name and address, and also the number of copies of the calendar that I shall require for my personal use. The price is fairly high, but I expect that I shall put in for at least a couple of dozen. The one point omitted in the letter is the price that I am to get for my contribution to the volume. This omission is, in all probability, an oversight, and I am writing for the information. In the meantime, I must put aside all other work and turn out a poem really worthy of the calendar.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE BEGUM.

(See Daily Press.)

1 a.m.—Leap from bed and begin playing piano to ladies.

2 a.m.—Panegyric on beauty of Surrey Hills endorsed by ladies.

3 to 5 a.m.—Run round and round house without veil.

5 a.m.—Paint picture of Surrey Hills, 30 ft. by 20 ft.

10 to 12 a.m.-Run round and round house with veil to tantalise tradesmen.

p.m.—Luncheon off ordinary soda-water from ordinary syphon. (No ad., no mention.)

2 p.m.—Head procession of seventy motor-cars for drive through exquisite Surrey Hills.

4 p.m.—Balance one perfect leaf of China tea on tip of tongue.

5 to 7 p.m.—Subtle cross-examination of ladies on appearance of Surrey Hills-and tradesmen.

7 to 12 p.m.—Solo on sackbut for surviving ladies.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S MOTHER AS THE EMPRESS THEODORA.



IN THE DRESS SHE WILL WEAR AT THE GREAT FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE SAVOY:

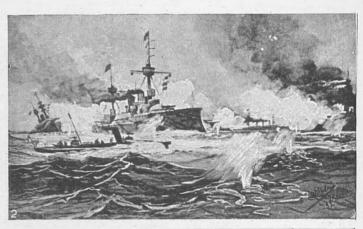
MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST.

At the great Fancy Dress Ball at the Savoy Hotel on the 18th, in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund for the Middlesex Hospital, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West will appear as the Empress Theodora, wife of Justinian. Of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West in her own person it is hardly necessary to speak, so well known is she; but it may be recalled that she is the widow and mother, respectively, of two of the most brilliant politicians of modern times—the late Lord Randolph Churchill and the present Home Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill. The imperial and imperious Theodora, whom she represents, is perhaps less known in twentieth-century London society, famous as she was in that of Byzantium in the sixth century. She was born in Cyprus, became an actress, married the Emperor Justinian about 523, and took a vigorous part in achieving the triumphs of his reign,—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

MONARCH OF ALL TRADES: THE KAISER'S VERSATILITY.











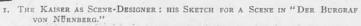












- von Nornberg."

 The Kaiser as Painter: his Picture, "A Sea Battle," Painted in 1895.

 The Kaiser as Designer for Silversmiths: his Sketch for the Design of the Jubilee Cup Presented by him for the Heligoland Race in 1897.

 The Kaiser as Porcelain Manufacturer: a Christus from his Factory.
- THE KAISER AS PORCELAIN MANUFACTURER: "HARVEST SONG" FROM HIS FACTORY.
 THE KAISER AS MUSICAL COMPOSER: A PAGE OF HIS "SANG AN AEGIR" ("SONG OF AEGIR") TO BE PLAYED BY THE DRURY LANE ORCHESTRA.
 THE KAISER AS ARCHITECT: HIS DESIGN FOR THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF THE
- REDEMPTION AT JERUSALEM.

8. THE KAISER AS BALLET-MASTER: A SCENE FROM "SARDANAPALUS."

As our illustrations prove, though representing only a portion of the Kaiser's activities, he is a man of marvellous versatility. He possesses the artistic temperament, not only in an intense form, but in quite unusual variety. There are few architects who are also ballet-masters; there are few painters who are also designers for silversmiths; and there are few song writers who also conduct porcelain factories. Yet the Kaiser is all of these things, and more. It may be added that, at the Cadinen Porcelain Factory, of which he is the proprietor, nothing may leave the workshops unless a drawing of it has been submitted to him and approved. "Sardanapalus," a new version of Taglioni's ballet, was produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in 1908. The Kaiser made sketches for costumes, scenery, and properties, and directed many a rehearsal. His "Song of Aegir" has been specially orchestrated by Mr. J. M. Glover for the performance of "Money" at Drury Lane, when the Kaiser will be present.—[Photographs 1, 2, 3, and 7 by E.N.A.

MR. BALFOUR FLIES BEFORE THE PRIME MINISTER.



THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN HIS MOST AIRY MOOD: MR. BALFOUR MOUNTING MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S FARMAN BI-PLANE FOR HIS PASSENGER FLIGHT AT HENDON (INSET AN ASTONISHED PRIME MINISTER).

During the various aeroplane demonstrations at Hendon on Friday afternoon last, Mr. Balfour was a passenger on Mr. Grahame-White's Farman bi-plane, and rose smilingly into the air to be borne thrice round the great flying field. He stated afterwards that he had enjoyed his experience very much, but thought it possible that the up-and-down, wave-like motion might in certain cases produce a sort of sea-sickness. It is generally understood that Mr. Balfour would have made his first flight some eighteen months or more ago when he was in France, but that the airmen refused to take him up then, arguing that, in view of the state of aviation at the moment, the risk was too great to be taken with so valuable a life.—[Photographs by Central News and Topical.]

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THE SKETCH. 167

BOTH DOG AND TOBACCO WARRANTED NOT TO

BITE: A CANINE ADVERTISEMENT IN NEW YORK.

An enterprising New York tobacconist has hit on an ingenious advertisement. The Boston bull-dog here shown parades the

street with a briar pipe in his mouth, and wearing a blanket inscribed with the name of a certain smoking mixture and the legend "It never bites"—applicable, of course, both to the dog and the tobacco. The dog causes much amusement.

Photograph by Record Press.

The Crystal Palace Redivivus.

Sir Joseph Paxton's great palace of glass is once more painted and decorated and cleaned and restored, and is once again graced by the

visits of royalty. It was put up on the Sydenham slopes in the year that I was born, and some of my first impressions as a very small boy were of its sparkling glories. To drive to the Crystal Palace was in the 'fifties a very usual outing for Londoners, for the tramway

lines had not then spoilt the roads, and the Palace stood amongst country surroundings, meadows and hedgerows and great trees being then where now there are acres of bricks and mortar.

An Educational Wonder.

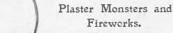
In that cycle of the 'fifties there was a passion for combining education and amusement for children. The Polytechnic was supposed, with its "wheels of life" — forerunners of the cinematograph—and its diving-bell and "Pepper's Ghost," and its lectures on all kinds of subjects, to instruct the young mind in the wonders of science combined with amusement. The earthquake of Lisbon as shown at the Coliseum in Albany Street, on the edge of Regent's Park, and the wonderful stalactite cavern also to be seen there, were no mere shows only for amusement, but were intended to give small boys in pantalettes or knickerbockers some idea of the wonder and the power of things under

the earth; and at the Crystal Palace, the courts decorated in the style of different countries and different periods were held to

be a great educational asset. Whenever I go to the Crystal Palace nowadays, I have a look at these courts for the sake of old times. Some of them are given over now to the housing of side-shows; but many of them, the Moorish Court in particular, which is a copy of the Lion Court of the Alhambra, retain their old magnificence, toned down by the kindly hand of

Time. I never now meet small boys being conducted round these courts to be given a grounding in architectural art, but I do often disturb couples of lovers who know that the courts are quiet places where they can exchange vows of constancy undisturbed. I remember, as a very little lad, being annoyed at being told so frequently that the Crystal Palace was one of the "wonders of the world," and of being reproved for flippancy

when I called it a "cucumber-frame."



The island in the Palace lake on which, in white plaster, are the pre-historic beasts and birds and reptiles, was also considered of great educational value in my young days. It must be more than forty years since I last looked at these monsters, but I have no doubt that small boys of many generations have wondered at them since then. I am afraid

The Zoological

There was a proposal that the Zoological Gardens should be moved from Regent's Park Gardens. to the Crystal Palace, but I believe that the council of the society would not entertain the proposal, as they were afraid that it would interfere with the takings at the gate, which form the main income of the society. If the scheme matures for bringing a Tube so close to the Gardens in Regent's Park that

there would be an entrance in the Gardens, the "Zoo" would really be at every Londoner's door. The London "Zoo" now pays a penalty for its position in one of our great parks, and heaven forbid that a tramline should ever be run round the "outer circle," which is one of the few countrylike and quiet walks and drives left in London. A "tube," however, interferes with no one's quiet, and even the householders under whose abodes it tunnels do not now complain of being shaken in their beds.

May 16 is the cen-Albuera Day. tenary of the Battle of Albuera, and the regiments which served under Beresford on that day of tremendous bloodshed will, wherever they are, celebrate the centenary. It so happens that three of the infantry regiments which shared in the glory of the great victory are now quartered at Dublin, and Dublin will therefore be the head-quarters of the celebration of the day. Napier, the historian, did not treat Mar-shal Beresford too well in his account

of the great day, and the Marshal and the writer of the history of the Peninsular War had a heated controversy immediately after the publication of the book. But Napier, though unkind

to the commander, did full justice to the men under his command. The historian's sentence describing how the Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships, leads up to that fine passage which has in it the thrill of a trumpet-call for every Briton, "And then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights." The slaughter was fearful. On a space of one thousand by twelve hundred yards there were not less than six thousand dead and wounded. The 29th had only two captains, a few subalterns, and ninetysix men left at the end of the day; and the Buffs, 48th, and the 66th had suffered terri-The 57th

FINDING IACK LODGINGS FOR THE CORONATION WEEK: BLUEJACKETS HOUSE-HUNTING AT PORTS-MOUTH.

The naval authorities at Portsmouth are canvassing housewives in the vicinity of the Town Hall for the purpose of finding likely lodgings for the enormous influx of British and foreign bluelackets who will be ashore during the Coronation week, as the various "Rests" and "Homes" will be totally inadequate to deal with the very large number that will be ashore at night. Two petty officers are here seen canvassing and taking the names of housewives likely to accommodate bluejackets.

gained on that day the honourable name of "The Die Hards." There is a tradition in that regiment that on the day after the battle the rations of one company were drawn by a drummer, who was the sole survivor of the battle of the hundred men who had gone into action.









THE TRINKET THAT MIGHT HAVE SAVED ESSEX'S HEAD: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S RING TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON THE 18TH.

The story goes that Queen Elizabeth gave this ring to her lover, the Earl of Essex, promising to pardon him, whatever offence he might commit, if he returned it to her. After he was condemned to death, he entrusted it to Lady Nottingham to hand to the Queen, but she was rersuaded by her husband, an enemy of Essex, not to deliver it, so Essex was beheaded. Lady Nottingham, it is said, when she was dying, sent for the Queen and confessed. The right-hand illustration is the exact size of the ring; the left-hand one is enlarged.

that the Natural History Museum, which has its specialties in antediluvian creatures, most of them highly coloured, must rather have cut out the Crystal Palace in this one particular. The royal balcony at the Palace, from whence Queen Victoria on more than one occasion saw the fireworks, has, I noticed, been painted and redecorated in the general wash-and-brush-up of the Palace, and it may be that their Majesties, who will visit the Palace a second time for their children's party, may be tempted to occupy that sheltered but commanding position on some firework night.



NLY Kings and Queens of England may remove pictures from Burlington House before the closing of the Academy; and even Kings and Queens seldom use their admitted even Kings and Queens seldom use their admitted right. The best-remembered case was when "The Roll Call" was carried to Windsor at Queen Victoria's bidding, and there briefly detained during her Majesty's pleasure. The addition of Sir Alma Tadema's design for the borders of King George's Letter to the Nation marks another royal privilege. No work of art marks another royal privilege. No work of art—whatever its genius—may enter the R.A. after the specified date in April unless under the royal Lady Butler, by the way, has been in

London, and was to be seen in deep mourning visiting the scenes of her old triumphs at Burlington House at



Lord and Lady Linlithgow have left Provence and Marseilles (a city where the rattle of talk is nearly as loud as the rattle of traffic in the streets) for the larger spaces and heavier atmosphere of Australia. But the Commonwealth will not hold them in her pouch for very long; they will be back for the first Court in Scotland. Meanwhile, they enjoy not only their travels, but also some of the virtuous satisfaction of those who set an example, for honeymooning in Australia, rather than in Persia or Japan, seems to them a wholly patriotic, as well as a very pleasant, procedure. The King will hear the very latest news from the Antipodes when Lord and Lady Linlithgow present themselves, tanned and enthusi astic, at Holyrood.



A FAIR DEBUTANTE : MISS

ANGELA THYNNE.

Miss Angela Thynne is a daughter of Major-General Sir Reginald Thynne

and Lady Thynne, of 24, Park Crescent, Portland Place. She is a granddaughter of the late Rev. Lord John Thynne. Her mother is giving

two dances for her.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

A FAIR DEBUTANTE: THE HON. MARGARET BEAUMONT.

Hon. Margaret Beaumont the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Allendale. She was born in 1892. Her mother was a daughter of the fifth Marquess of Londonderry. Her father was at one time Vice-Chamber-lain of the Household to King Edward. "In 1907 he became Captain

of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

" For George."

The parrot whose candours have lately been the talk of the town had its rival in outspokenness in the little boy outspokenness whose parents were honoured by a visit of the King of the Belgians during his

stay in town, and who, resenting their absorption in the royal caller, called out in a momentary pause, "Albert, get your hat and go away!" His sister, having a lively imagination, perhaps wishing to make up for her brother's inhospitality, "pretended" all next day to be Queen Mary of England, and insisted on having



PRESENTED AT THE FIRST COURT OF THE SEASON: MISS H. HALL-JONES. Miss H. Hall-Jones, who, with her sister, was miss H. Hall-Jones, who, with her sister, was presented at the first Court of the season last Tuesday, is a daughter of the Hon. Sir William Hall-Jones, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for New Zealand since 1909.

Photograph by Kate Fragnell.



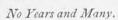
A FAIR DEBUTANTE: LADY MURIEL BERTIE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LINDSEY.

Lady Muriel Felicia Vere Bertie, who was born in 1893, is the only child of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, of Uffington House, Stamford. Her mother is an Australian. Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

a vacant chair set beside her at table "for George." Her nurses humoured the fancy of "her Majesty"; and her mother (a member of the Royal Household) told the story to the real Queen, who was vastly amused, and some day or other the little lady may find the real live King sitting, by the real and rival Queen's favour, in the seat reserved for him in childish fancy.

The Countess of Ellesmere Premiers at Tea. has arranged to give a party at Bridgewater House on the alternoon of June 20 to meet the Prime Ministers and distinguished visitors from the Overseas Dominions. Bridge-

water House, built by the first Earl of Ellesmere early in Queen Victoria's reign, is in the heart of Coronation London, and Lady Ellesmere will be ready to add to the amenities of the season with a will and a way. Lord Ellesmere is famous as a supporter of Newmarket, and it is forty-two years since he and the Countess first entertained King Edward and Queen Alex-andra at Worsley Hall. Bridgewater House has its famous gallery, from which the Earl has had, on occasion, the courage to refuse the loan of pictures. And in his library may be found the sporting novels written by "Charles Granville," two names that happen to number among his own.



Lady Chelmsford's daughter will hardly be able to boast in the future that she remembers King Corona-George's tion; but she has come just in time to have her cradle rocked to the tune of the festive music that will sound under her nursery window. The Duke of Grafton, who goes to the other extreme, and keeps his ninetieth anniversary on Coronation day, alarmed his friends the other day by developing one of this season's



A FAIR DÉBUTANTE : MISS HOPE PARISH.

Miss Hope Mary Woodbine Parish is the only daughter of Mr. Charles Woodbyne Parish and his second wife, the Hon. Mrs. Woodbyne Parish, sister of the Earl of Torphichen. She was born in 1893, and has one brother, Mr. Charles Woodbine Parish.

Photograph by Lall e Chai



A FAIR DEBUTANTE: THE HON. DOROTHY ANNESLEY.

The Hon. Dorothy Annesley is the youngest of the six daughters of Viscount Valentia and Lady Valentia. She was born in 1892. Viscount Valentia was Comptroller of the Household to Queen Victoria from 1888 to 1901, and then to King Edward 1911. to 1901, and then to King Edward until to 1901, and then to king Edward until 1905. He served in the South African War in 1900, as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Imperial Yeomanry, Photograph by Lallie Charles.

nasty colds. It had been his boast that he would be hale on June 22. The Duke of Buccleuch, on the other hand, who has been badly indisposed, is now in hopes of taking his part in the processions of the coming month. Montagu House, Whitehall, is no place for an invalid at that invalid at that merry time.

THE SING-SING SKIRT; OR, THE STAR WITH THE STRIPES.



A NEW LINE IN DRESS: MISS RAY COX AT THE NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN.

It may be that the zebra cannot change his stripes, any more than the leopard can change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin; but souvent femme varie, and she can appear striped, spotted, or variegated at her own sweet will—in the matter of costume. The dress here illustrated was seen at the Winter Garden, New York, the lady inside it being Miss Ray Cox. The thought might have suggested itself to the onlookers that she was clad in a U.S. flag that had somehow lost its stars. It may be remarked, also, that her attire is reminiscent of the dress worn by the convicts in "Sing-Sing," and other American prisons. Possibly Miss Ray Cox sings sings, and so considered the costume appropriate.—[Photograph by Eangs.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK.

T the Local Government Board it was stated that the air of Tabard Street, Southwark, the centre of the London fishing industry, is fresh and beautiful. Visitors to that part of the curing industry, is fresh and beautiful.

world will have noticed the strong smell of ozone, which is unsurpassed, even when the tide is low, at many of our popular watering-places.

"Smoking is a sign of mental activity,"

says a health paper. Think of that, Percy, when people sneer at you for that eternal cigarette.

THE DOCTOR IN JAPAN.

doctor has finished his visits to a patient he does not demand a stated fee, but a present is made to him of just as much as the patient can afford.)

Oh, list to a tale of Far Japan, And the curious lot of the medical

Who would think it excessively infra d. Who would think it excessively infra a. To charge a fixed or regular fee. But when he has cured his patient's ills With lotion, potion, powder, or pills, Remarks, as the cabman used to do. With a slow, sad smile, "I leave it to you." Now, this may do for the Japanee, But it doesn't do equally well for me. I find it uncommonly hard to say How much I ought or ought not to pay; For I'd give the whole of the world so wide

To cure a pain in my little inside; But when my tummy's all right, I am Convinced that the doctor's not worth a dam!

The next time something hits you on the head, don't blame the contractor's men who are putting up the Coronation stands, but remember that some

industrious Censustaker has set it about that twentyfour million shoot-ing stars fall daily on the earth in the middle of May.

The London statues are to have a wash and brushup in honour of the distinguished visi-tors who are expected in a week or two. If we do not take care, these distinguished personages will go

home with an utterly false idea of the Metropolis.

At Baden, in Switzerland, they have passed a bye-law forbidding hat - pins protruding more than an inch from the hat. If they only put down per-ambulators as well, Baden will be the model city for pedes-

Mussels have been officially pronounced to be wild beasts; but what about the Lympstone mussel, which had over two It was evidently trying to be a

hundred pearlies inside it? costermonger.

General Hellebant, the Belgian Minister for War, has issued an order disbanding his army on Sundays. This is in memory of those deeds of valour which they committed that Sunday at Waterloo.

MAY MARRIAGES.

(The superstition that marriages in May are unlucky has passed away, with many similar ideas of what is lucky and unlucky.)

There are lots of superstitions which our grannies used to hold,
Which we consider absolutely rotten,
Which once were only flouted by the shameless and the bold,
And now are quite deservedly forgotten.
Our grannies looked with horror upon marrying in May,
And pearls and opals always brought them sorrow;
While black and green were colours no one ventured to display,

to display, And "something blue" a lucky thing to borrow.

The modern Georgian era has The modern Georgian era has
evinced a striking lack
Of reverence for the lucky
and unlucky;
Girls may marry trimmed with
opals, they may go away
in black
On Fridays, if they're rea-

sonably plucky.

For it really doesn't matter when you fix the happy day,
If you only take the trouble to remember
You may marry in December, you may even wed in May,
But May mustn't marry with December.

Italian Literary Futurists are adjuring dramatic authors to begin by disdaining the public and to seek the voluptuous pleasure of having their plays hissed. Which is this voluptuous getting of the "goose"—the pleasure that's all but pain, or the pain that is all but pleasure?

M. Fallières is going to decorate Chocolat, the "cullud" clown of Paris, with the purple ribbon of an Officer of Public Instruction. The schoolboys of Paris look on this usher's gewgaw as an insult to their favourite.

The "Era" says that perhaps the stage has become a little too prosperous during the last twenty or thirty years, and that is why it is mediocre. This should be brought to the notice of the ambitious deer who are rehearsing for the Pageant of Empire at the Crystal Palace.

Now that the "postes inductipice," as that fine old stumper Plautus put it, are all over the country, there has arisen a new clamour for brighter cricket. But why bother to go to Lord's or the Oval? Let us have the best matches reproduced on the cinematograph with all the dull bits cut out.

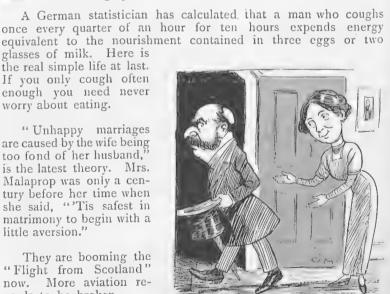
A German statistician has calculated that a man who coughs once every quarter of an hour for ten hours expends energy

the real simple life at last. If you only cough often enough you need never worry about eating.

"Unhappy marriages are caused by the wife being too fond of her husband, is the latest theory. Mrs. Malaprop was only a century before her time when she said, "'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion."

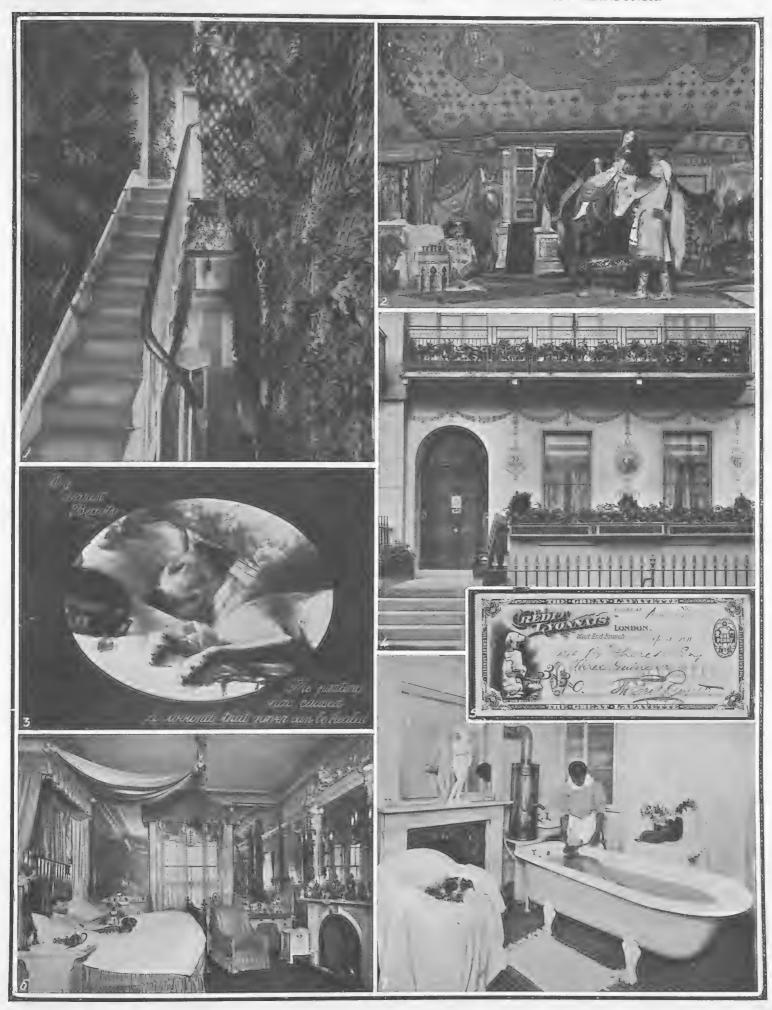
They are booming the "Flight from Scotland" now. More aviation records to be broken.





"THE GREAT LAFAYETTE AND BEAUTY"-AND HIS LAST SCENE.

THE FAMOUS MUSIC. HALL ARTIST WHO DIED IN THE FIRE AT EDINBURGH.



- In Lapayette's House: the Trellised Staircase (with Scented Imitation Flowers) and the Landing from which he Interviewed Callers.
 His Last Scene, and the Horse for which he Gave his Life: Lafayette Bidding Farewell to the Heroine in "The Lion's Bride."
 The Dog whose Funeral cost £300: Beauty, his Tennessee Hound, Lying in State.
 The Bod of "The Great Lafayette and Beauty": the Outside of No. 55, Tavistock Square.
 "My Two Best Friends": One of Lafayette's Heliotrope Cheques.
 In his Bedroom at Tavistock Square: Lafayette and his Dogs.
 In his Bedroom at Tavistock Square: Lafayette and his Dogs.
 In his Bedroom: Beauty Tubbed by Lafayette's Black Servant, May.

The Great Lafayette had an intense love for animals. His last words are believed to have been, "I'll have to go in and get my horse." When Beauty, his dog, died recently, he was inconsolable, and said, "Now that my mascot is gone I am not long for this world." Let into the front wall of his house in Tavistock Square is a coloured medallion-portrait of Beauty, and on the front door is a bronze tablet inscribed, "The Great Lafayette and Beauty." On his cheques, designed in helitotrepe (his favourite colour, seen everywhere in his house and belongings), was a photograph of Beauty guarding bags of gold, with the words, "My two best friends." His income was estimated at £40,000 a year. He spent £300 on Beauty's funeral. It was one of his eccentricities to interview most important business callers from the first floor of his house, with the staircase between. The flowers on the trellis-work were imitation, but very realistic, and on special occasions were scented. Roses were made to grow all about the house, from the floor and the walls.

**Photograph's Nos. 7. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in Combbell Courses & in MC No. 2. 4. 6. and 7. in MC No

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Popinjay." At first it seemed as if "The Popinjay's" flight would be short, yet the other day the hundredth performance was reached, and it may be that this version of "Les Rois en Exil" will achieve the record of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Certainly it is the better play, but nothing can be deduced from that fact with confidence. Even the most enthusiastic of the crowd that admire Miss Neilson and her husband may be glad to see them for once otherwise than in the character of loving hero and heroine.

At times Miss Neilson is magnificent as the handsome, courageous Queen, prepared to run any risk for what she looks upon as her divine right; while Mr. Fred Terry, in the part of the dissipated, frivolous King who disgraces her, shows talents often insufficiently employed by him.

A Transfer and a Transformation. "A Fool There Was" has gone East a little, and to a home of popular prices, and, in honour of the transfer to the Aldwych, what is regarded as a happy ending has been given to the piece. The energetic performance of Miss Katherine Kaelred as the Vampire woman certainly ought to appeal to the new patrons, for her acting is clever, as well as highly coloured, and Mr. Frank Cooper plays the weak-minded victim with considerable strength, whilst Mr. Charles Bryant distinguishes himself by excellent work.

The Pioneer Players: It is a curious phenomenon that as soon as the weather becomes really hot and fine the matinée season sets in with interse river.

season sets in with intense rigor. Not many of the performances repay the loss of sunshine involved. An exception may be allowed in favour of the "Pioneer Players," who made their first venture at the Kingsway in three pieces, all interesting, though not by any means all dramatic. "Jack and Jill and a Friend" was the most playlike of them, and showed how a man, engaged to a woman, ought to behave when the woman beats him in a prize novel competition, and so wins the money with which he hoped to start a home. The

thinking over; and Miss Cicely Hamilton, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, and Miss Agnes Thomas did excellently all the acting that was required. "The First Actress," by "Christopher St. John," showed the discouraging reception accorded to the first woman actress in 1661, and her vision of the great actresses to come. It was notable for a clever little summary of the reasons why woman is not fitted for the stage, delivered by Mr. Edmund Gwenn in the best anti-Suffrage manner; and for a brief appearance of Miss Ellen Terry,

who had a great reception when she came on as Nell Gwynne.

Other Matinées. Other matinées have given us Mr. H. B. Irving's Hamlet, a farewell performance before his departure for Australia. He has with him, of course, Miss Baird as Ophelia; and of the excellent acting of these two there is no need to repeat what has often been said. "The Remedy," which appeared at the Court Theatre one afternoon, was a farce by Mr. Barton White, which contained a certain amount of clever dialogue, but, for a farce, hardly enough movement or substance of plot. There was an Irish adventuress cleverly played by Miss Elaine Inescort; Mr. Lytton Grey and Mr. Herbert Bruce were two attractive sailor-men; otherwise there was not much to be noted.

The New Rosalind. Miss Neilson-Terry's reception by the audience at the New Theatre may well make up for any carping by a critic. To the audience of the première she was the Rosalind, and many of them had

seen several Ganymedes. The young actress has remarkable gifts, and at times showed great cleverness—almost too great, for, whilst she was surprising, her Rosalind was disappointing in its lack of poetry and sincerity. She won more laughter than I ever before heard in the part, and at times really seemed boyish. Indeed, most of her forest scenes with Orlando reminded me of the fact that originally the part was played by a boy or youth, who can hardly have succeeded in showing the strength and depth of



Mr. Wrench, Mr. Ward

Macready. Mr. Reece.

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY COMMANDED AT DRURY LANE
ON THE 17th: MACREADY IN "MONEY," AT THE HAYMARKET IN 1840.
In view of the Command performance of Bulwer Lytton's play "Money" at Drury
Lane on the 17th, in honour of the Kaiser, special interest attaches to these drawings
of scenes in the original production at the Haymarket on Dec, 8, 1840. In the above
drawing may be seen Mr. Wrench as Captain Dudley Smooth (to be played by Sir
Charles Wyndham at the Command performance), Mr. Ward, Macready as Alfred
Evelyn (to be played by Mr. George Alexander), and [Mr. Reece as Mr. Stout (to be
played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier).—[Drawn by G. E. Madeley, 1840.]



MACREADY IN "MONEY": A SCENE IN THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION.

In this drawing the first four figures (from left to right) are: Mr. Ward; Miss P. Horton (Mrs. German Reed) as Georgina Vesey (to be played by Miss Alexandra Carlisle); Macready as Alfred Evelyn (to be played by Mr. George Alexander), and Mrs. Glover as Lady Franklin (to be played by Miss Winifred Emery),—[Drawn by G. E. Madeley, 1840.]

answer was very beautifully given by that accomplished actress Miss Athene Seyler. It was an effective, clever little play. "In the Workhouse," by Mrs. Wynne Nevinson, was apparently based on the assumption that all married women have brutes as husbands, and all "bad 'uns" have a steady income and can drop into the workhouse from time to time, when babies come. It was interesting and worth



THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "MONEY"; A SCENE AT THE HAYMARKET IN 1840. In the drawing the figures are (from left to right); Mr. Walter Lacy as Sir Frederick Blount (to be played by Mr. Cyrii Maude), Miss P. Horton as Georgina Vesey, Mr. Wald, Mr. Benjamin Webster as Mr. Graves (to be played by Sir Herbert Tree); and Mrs. Glever as Lady Franklin.—[Drawn by G. E. Madeley, 1840.]

womanliness of the heroine that fascinated Théophile Gautier. Mr. Vernon Steel was quite an admirable Orlando—one of the most manly and poetical that I can remember. The Celia of Miss Miriam Lewes was clever and interesting. Messrs. P. Merivale, Kendrick, Arthur Williams, H. Hodges, F. Groves, and W. Elvey formed important parts of an excellent cast.

MATING BY TYPE: CONCERNING ROYAL AFFINITIES.

ELIGIBLE PRINCESSES: THE MEN THEY SHOULD MARRY.



- ARCHDUCHESS MECHTILDE MARIE OF AUSTRIA, WHO SHOULD MARRY PRINCE
- OSCAR OF PRUSSIA.

 PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK, WHO SHOULD MARRY KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL.

 PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK, WHO SHOULD MARRY THE CROWN PRINCE
- OF BULGARIA.
- ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA, WHO SHOULD MARRY PRINCE ADALBERT OF PRUSSIA.
- 5. PRINCESS XENIA OF MONTENEGRO, FIFTH DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF MONTE-PRINCESS AENIA OF MONTENEGRO, FIETH DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO, WHO SHOULD MARRY THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS CHARLES OF AUSTRIA, SON OF THE LATE ARCHDUKE OTHO FRANCIS JOSEPH.

 PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF SERVIA, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF SERVIA, WHO SHOULD MARRY PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BATTENBERG.

 PRINCESS VICTORIA MARGARET OF PRUSSIA, DAUGHTER OF PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD, WHO SHOULD MARRY PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

An ingenious French journalist would have it that the Princesses whose portraits are here given should marry the young Royalties whose names he couples with theirs. He bases his argument on the belief that certain types should always mate with certain types. He argues, for example, that the German Emperor's only daughter, whose portrait will be found elsewhere, should marry the Duke of Montpensier.

OWNS-CORONETS-COUR

ING GEORGE'S interview with Lieutenant-Colonel Anley, of the Quartermaster-General's Department of Dress and Clothing, may mark his Majesty's interest in the King's uniform, but does not necessarily suggest any modification of military externals. His Majesty, whether at Newmarket or Aldershot, is a lover of the accepted thing. If the need of reform is felt at all, it is when the royal eye, passing down long lines of soldiers at attention under a summer sun, observes the signs of fatigue on faces half-covered by enormous bearskin headgear; or

when Cabinet Ministers obviously look their worst (and know it) in the Windsor uniform. "I feel a cross between a postman and a footman," explained one politician in distress.

With the Colours. At the "Court," the Countess of Liverpool, as if to make amends for a thousand northern chimneys, was particularly radiant in blue, apricot, green, and bronze; and the Countess of Glasgow's gold and cream spoke of a city paved with bullion and strewn with cowslips, rather than with the soot and the ashes of its own smoking-mixture. She presented Lady Harmsworth, whose pale blue and silver seemed strewn with diamonds. Their wearer almost wished they had been jet: "For I am incomplete without a touch of printer's ink!" was perhaps her thought. Never-

theless, she had not a single comma of black upon her splendid gown. The Countess of Romney, however, wore a little of the colour so favoured by her namesake painter. The general impression was of blue—"a nocturne in blue and gold and silver," Whistler—or Greaves—would have called it.

The Pink of Perfection. The blueness of the scene was the more surprising in this year of pink, due to Queen Mary's choice of a flower. Mrs. Guest's shell-pink dress

at Buckingham Palace would have fitted into the colour-scheme of almost any of the dances of the last few days. Mrs. Alfred Emmott filled her house in Ennismore Gardens with pink



VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT, FORMERLY LADY EDITH VILLIERS, WHOSE

VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT, FORMERLY LADY EDITH VILLIERS, WHOSE WEDDING WAS ARRANGED FOR MONDAY, THE 15TH.

Viscountess Valletort is the only daughter of the fifth Earl of Clarendon, by his first marriage, to Lady Caroline Agar, a daughter of the third Earl of Normanton. Her father was for five years Lord Chamberlain of the Household to King Edward. She was born in 1878, and has one brother, Lord Hyde, born the year before. Viscount Valletort, the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, by his first wife, a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, was born in 1865. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel Commanding the 3rd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and is also a J.P. and D.L. for Cornwall.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

tulips, and Miss Emmott, with the help of her dressmaker, matched her mother's flowers. Mrs. Darroch hung the walls

of Hereford House with pink roses, and carried pink carnations in her hand at her dance last week. strawberries, too, carried Queen Mary's colour. They made big splashes of pink at the beginning of the evening, and only when the dawn grew rosy did they finally disappear.

Bond Street held its Photographic own Court, in rivalry to the Palace's. Far Revels into the night the photographers' awnings reached across otherwise forsaken pavements, and yawning page - boys waited in lighted doorways for the hour when the trains would arrive with their wearers. That the throng at Buckingham Palace was brilliant goes without saying; that towards the end of the evening it was on the brink of exhaustion was also evident; and yet it gave itself over whole-

some twenty women were more or less unanimously voted, in the whispered councils of the assembly, to be pre-eminently well gowned. One of the few people who was bored (and did not disguise it) with the dresses was a little youth who helped his master's clients in and out of their carriages in Bond Street. "Dresses not what they were, Miss," he confided to sparkling Countesses fided to sparkling Countesses.

18TH) : MR. C. H. LYELL, M.P. Photograph by Beresford.



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES HENRY LYELL, M.P., ON THURSDAY (THE 18TH) MISS ROSALIND WATNEY.

Miss Watney is the elder daughter and second child of Mr. Vernon James Watney, of Cornbury Park, Oxfordshire, and Lady Margaret Watney, sister of the Earl of Portsmouth. She was born in 1891, and has one brother and one sister. Mr. C. H. Lyell is the only son of Sir Leonard Lyell, Bt., of Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, Forfarshire. He sat as a Liberal for East Dorset from 1904 to January 1910, and since April 1910 has sat for South Edinburgh. Photograph by Lallie Charles.

BACK VIEWS! DAUGHTERS OF EVE IN A WINTER GARDEN.



1. MISS KATHERINE McDONALD, WHOSE BACK IS DESCRIBED AS 2. MISS KITTY GORDON, WHOSE BACK IS REPORTED TO BE THE SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF MISS KITTY GORDON.

We have received these photographs from a New York correspondent with the statements that Miss Kitty Gordon, the charming English actress, whom he describes as the most popular English actress in America, has the most beautiful back in "La Belle Paree" company at the Winter Garden there—a fact which should be obvious—and that Miss Katherine McDonald's is second only to Miss Gordon's,—[Photographs by White.]

MISS MARGARET COOPER.

May Queen." Her singing at

all was an afterthought, for her first idea was first idea was to become, if possible, a fe-male rival of

Paderewski. Her

parents sent her

to France to be-

comethoroughly proficient in the

she devoted

most of. her time to the

she also studied the violin. As a girl she was delicate, and her

father thought singing

be a good thing

for her physic-ally, as it would

develop her chest and teach her how to breathe properly.

was accordingly sent to a singing-master, with the result that

piano, and to devote herself

devote herself entirely to the

cultivation of her voice. When she

returned to England she was

confronted with

soon decided to leave to the great Polish maestro his laurels and the

she

and

though

would

language,

piano.

engagement HEN Miss Margaret Cooper concludes the which she is fulfilling at the Palace she will have made something of a record in the way of engagements, for her original contract stipulated for her appearance for six consecutive years from the time of her début there. That was made at a years from the time of her debut there. That was made at a special benefit performance got up on behalf of the Charing Cross Hospital. On that memorable first occasion, which was to mark the turning-point in her career, Miss Cooper sang "My Heart's at Your Feet," originally sung in "The Cingalee" by Miss Isabel Jay, with whom she had been a fellow-student at the Academy; "The Chimney Sweep," originally sung by Miss Gertie Millar; and Mr. Edward German's "English Rose." All these songs Miss Cooper sang in the manner to which she has accustomed her audiences to receive her—sitting at the piane and accompanying herself receive her-sitting at the piano and accompanying herself. Although, at the time, a recognised platform singer, she had already broken away from the thrall of standing up and singing to the accompaniment of the inevitable pianist, who invariably forgets that it is his mission to accompany the singer, and not that of the singer to accompany him.

To those who know her as the most gifted exponent of the song which is light and airy, it must come as a surprise, not to say a shock, to learn that when the name of Miss Margaret Cooper first began to appear on concert programmes it was in oratorio, and she constantly sang in such classics as "Elijah" and "The Messiah," varied with Sullivan's "Light of the World," Villiers Stanford's "The Voyage of Mael Dune," and Sterndale Bennett's "The

THE VOLCANIC GRASSO AS AN ARTIST ILLUSTRATING PEACE: A DRAWING SYMBOLISING THE POLICY OF KING GEORGE—BY CAV. UFF. GIOVANNI GRASSO, THE FAMOUS SICILIAN ACTOR.

The nucleus of the drawing was done by Grasso as he was coming from Folkestone to London by train. It suggests the policy of King George—Peace. It is not generally known that the distinguished actor is not only an artist, as this work indicates, but a sculptor and a very fine dancer.

minting her gifts into coin of the realm. what is known as after-dinner singing, and she used to take part in the concerts which follow the gargantuan banquets of the Patres

the necessity of She therefore took up

Conscripti of the great City Companies and similar functions of a social character in the West End.

That Miss Cooper has become an institution at the Palace is a

matter of as common knowledge as that her appearance is a looked-for delight to the habitués of the house. Her style is so distinctive, her manner so full of charm, and her method so imbued

with an intangible yet well-defined appeal that there is always a rustle of expectation when the number which marks her place in the programme The same is goes up. true at every hall in the provinces at which she appears. At the provincial halls, as in all the London halls outside the West End, the programme is repeated twice a night. This Miss Cooper finds exceedingly trying; but, remembering the famous maxim, "Those who live to please, must please to live," she has to bow to the inevitable and appear twelve times a week. is a proof of her skill that, although she knows that the Palace audience does not care for a serious song sung in a serious manner, she makes a point of singing she such a song for her first number, in order that her voice may be heard to



IN PRIVATE LIFE: M. MICHAEL MORDKIN. THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER.

greater advantage than it could possibly be in what may be described as the songs of diction which she has so incontestably made her own. Because of her manner of singing these humorous songs to her own accompaniment she has been called "the female Corney Grain," although, as she was only a fraction of a child when she heard that once famous artist, she obviously has not modelled her style upon him, any more than she has on that of Mr. George Grossmith senior, whose singing of "He was a Careful Man" is still one of the bright recollections of her childhood.

While singers of serious songs have, seemingly, no difficulty in obtaining all the material they require, the humorous singer has a difficult task in that respect. Such, at least, is Miss Cooper's The result is that she has frequently had to draw on experience. the songs which other people have sung, but she has sung them in so entirely different a manner that the public has invariably believed that they were quite new. Naturally, to-day she is more or less deluged with manuscripts from composers who are anxious to get her to sing their work. Most of the songs, however, are so far from bright that they would be warranted to put out the kitchen fire. Among the notable exceptions to this sweeping condemnation have been the famous "Dingle Dongle Dell" and "My Bungalow in Bond Street." To the student of heredity this latter song is particularly interesting, for it is composed by the grandson of Sterndale Bennett, in whose "May Queen," as mentioned above, Miss Cooper made one of her earliest successes. Two men whose work finds particular favour with Miss Cooper are Mr. Pelissier, the king of the Follies, and Mr. Paul A. Rubens.

To these must be added Miss Maggaret Cooper herself, for she

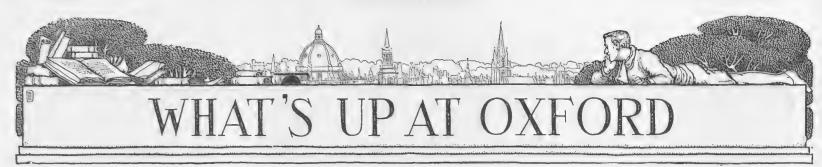
To these must be added Miss Margaret Cooper herself, for she has of late been composing songs, the words of which have been written by her husband. The first of these was "Catch Me," which was sung one night as an experiment, and the applause was so vociferous that it has been kept for more than a year in the programme, and has also been turned into a "two-step." The latest of Miss Cooper's own songs, written for herself, is "Agatha Green," and she has others well on the way towards completion. In February next she starts on a concert tour, which will include South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Her present engagement at the Palace, however, will be by no means her last appearance in London before her departure, as has recently been so freely mis-stated.

GOING STRONG.



THE SEASONED GOLFER: By Jove! A dead stymie.

THE LADY (new to the game): A dead stymie? I thought I smelt something horrid.



BY THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

Summer. You must be rather tired, by now, of hearing that "zummer is a-coomin' in," and yet that must perforce be the motif of this first letter. For the first few days of term, we valiantly tried to persuade ourselves that summer was here, going out to tennis swathed in ulsters and mufflers, or sitting in our rooms by the fire with flannel suits on, listening to the bitter drip of the rain outside. But now, nous avons change tout cela—the sun has actually been showing us the light of his countenance, the air is heavy with the approach of summer, and life in a punt becomes a possibility. How long these happy conditions will prevail it is hardly kind to inquire; in a few days we may once more be huddling ourselves over the embers in our grates, but for the moment we are thankful for what the gods send.

Punting on the Cher.

I do not know that there is any place where one can be so gloriously and as in Oxford during the summer term; and if the shadow of Schools did not loom dark on the horizon for some of us, life would be very jolly. Punting on the Cher has been written of by so many lady novelists and sung of by so many minor poets that it has passed into a legend. And yet I imagine that, pace the Biblical commentators, the Cherwell must have been one of the rivers of Eden, and that Adam and Eve must have been picnicking up the river, in the gloaming, when the Serpent suggested apples for dessert. To lie at ease in your punt, watching the other fellow do all the work,



A CENTRE OF INTEREST IN THE FRESHMEN'S MATCH: MR. F. H. KNOTT.

Mr. Knott (Tonbridge and Brasenose) sustained his reputation by making a splendid 72 in the second innings. In the first innings he was bowled for 10.—[Photograph by Gillman.]



THE SEAT OF SILENCE: THE CHAIR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE OXFORD UNION.
"R. Bevir (Hertford) has ascended the presidential chair ... and must ... find the presidential silence extremely trying when some fierce party motion is being debated."

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

and (of course) taking legitimate recreation after a strenuous morning's work—that is, really, the ideal way of passing the summer hours. As yet, the trees are hardly in full bloom, and, mercifully, the flies have not begun to pester; so that one can conscientiously go off to sleep, free from the terror of an enterprising bluebottle or a falling caterpillar.

Exams. I must confess that our Cambridge cousins have the advantage over us in the way they arrange their Schools. I understand that all their toils are over by the end of May, while we have the horrid prospect of our Finals hanging over us the whole of term, and spoiling all our pleasures. This is quite unnecessary cruelty; we could easily take our examinations this month, and have a glorious June, free from all anxieties. But University examiners have little sense of their highest duties.

"Flannelled Fools."

And now we are once more in the term of cricket and tennis, and the "flannelled fool" has replaced the "muddied oaf." The Seniors' Match, played as soon as we came up, since term began late, was not particularly

encouraging. Crutchley, it is true gave a good display, but otherwise form was bad. That is, of course, only to be expected, with the game coming off at once without any previous practice, but it is unfortunate, notwithstanding. In the Freshers' Match nothing sensational has happened, either, so that cricket, so far, has not provided us with much excitement. What the term may bring forth no man can foretell; we have nine old Blues to draw upon, but team-making is a thankless pastime, and I can only wish success to the eleven throughout the term, and a joyous triumph for the Varsity Match.

The Union. The benches of the Union throughout the summer term present a desolate appearance. Nobly do the officers of the society sit through the debates these warm evenings, but the ordinary member prefers the calm delights of the river to the perfervid oratory of the budding politician. R. Bevir (Hertford) has ascended the presidential chair with his customary dignity, and must, I am sure, find the presidential silence extremely trying when some fierce party motion is being debated. On the first of next month, Lord Curzon is going to descend from those august altitudes where he is occupied in reconstructing the House of Lords, and is coming down to open the new buildings of the society of which he is a distinguished ex-president; may we be given grace to receive him with befitting meekness and humility of spirit! Lord Curzon is a Balliol man, and was President of the Union in 1880.



A CENTRE OF INTEREST IN THE FRESHMEN'S MATCH: MR. I. P. F. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell (Repton and Hertford), who played for Mr. R. H. Twining's side, made 2 in the first innings and 2 in the second.—[Photograph by Gillman.]

WHIST! WHIST! WHIST!



THE COLONEL (whose lead has not been returned): Good heavens, Sir! Haven't you got a black suit?

THE PARTNER: Yes, Colonel, but I'm keeping it for your funeral.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

SCIENCE THE SHERLOCK HOLMES.*

In the days of Shakespeare's father, Mr. Mitchell will remind you, there was a certain primitiveness about detective methods. John Shakespeare was an ale-taster. "The test to be applied needed no complicated apparatus or chemical reagents—nothing beyond a pair of leather breeches, which were called the 'conning-breeches.'" The beer-conner would put these on, and, having poured a little of the ale on to a wooden bench, would sit down in it and patiently await the result. If, after a given time, he found that he was glued to the bench, the ale contained sugar, and was condemned as adulterated; but if he could rise without an effort the beer was passed as pure." Such conditions no longer obtain. The way of the criminal has ceased to be kindly, if crooked. It remains crooked, but at each bend is a scientist learned in formulæ, microscope and test-tube in hand. Common-

sense still has its uses in bringing the malefactor to book; but uncommon knowledge is more potent.
There may be occasions when logic wins through, as it did in the case of a shooting outrage at Ayr in 1831. "Someone had maliciously fired a gun into a church, and had hoped to escape detection. It was noticed, however, that some of the bullets, after having passed through the windows, had left a mark upon the wall opposite. Bv drawing a straight line be-tween these marks and the holes in the windows, and extending the line outside the church, the other end was found in a window on the other side of the street. Subsequently other proof was obtained that the gun had been fired from this window." But, as a rule, in this century of precision, is deduction in purely technical sense which triumphs, and proves it-self to be the Simon Pure Sherlock Holmes, Lecoq, or Rouletabille.

Commit a murder and the man of learning will bowl you out and introduce you to the common hangman. The blood you claim to be that of a slaughtered guinea-pig will be proved that of man. The oxyhæmoglobin crystals from human beings are in the form of

beings are in the form of long rhombic needles; "those from the blood of the horse are quadrilateral prisms; the blood of the guinea-pig, rat, and many birds yield rhombic tetraheda; while that of the squirrel gives hexagonal plates." Worse, from your point of view, if you be guilty, is the serum test. "A small quantity of human serum is placed into a series of tubes, and into each of these is next introduced one drop of the fresh blood of different animals diluted with salt solution, or of the dried blood dissolved in that liquid. The tubes are now allowed to stand for thirty to forty-five minutes, and are then examined. If, in the case of the blood of unknown origin, there is a faint red precipitate (of coagulated blood), leaving the upper liquid quite clear, the blood is of human origin. On the other hand, the blood of other species of animals will have dissolved in the human serum, colouring it red."

The source of hair is even more easily determined with the aid of the microscope. "Human hair is characterised by being fairly uniform in diameter throughout most of its length, and then tapering gradually to a fine point... In the hair of many

animals, the medulla, or central canal, is plainly visible under the microscope; but such medullated fibres are apparently not formed in the case of human hair "—and so on, to the dismay of the guilty. That is but one of the innumerable values of magnification. Witness its work against the forger. With its aid, erasures on cheques and documents become apparent, the changing of letters and figures, the differences between the ages and species of inks. It will reveal the stroke that has been made over writing that has been in situ for days before the peccant pen was applied to it. And, as aid, come such tests as that devised by Kromer for the use of sympathetic ink in detecting tampering with envelopes. "The two dried constituents of the ink, say tannin and iron sulphate, are separated by the adhesive gum upon the envelope, so that should steam be applied to open the letter, the two sub-

the letter, the two substances come into contact, and form an ink which leaves a stain upon the paper."

Equally valuable is it in betraying peculiarities of typewriting or handwriting, the imperfect erasure of the guiding pencil - marks so often used by forgers. In other things it throws light on many obscure doings. It reduces to absurdity such decisions as that which was arrived at in the case of the Earl of Essex, who was found dead in the Tower in July 1683, with his throat cut. "A razor was lying by his side with its blade notched, and public opinion was strongly divided as to whether he had committed suicide or had been murdered. The medical men who supported the former view explained the notches upon the razor-blade as the result of its having been drawn backwards and forwards across the neck-bone, although for a suicide to have done this would have been an impossibility." that, of course, may have where commanded prejudice came in. Another remarkable use for it was found when it was made to prove that two receipts dated at intervals of two or three months were drawn up at one and the same time. "When . . . the



A FAMOUS AUTHOR IN A BLANK VERSE DRAMA BY HIMSELF: MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE AS CARDINAL ALLEN AND MISS VIOLA COMPTON AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, IN "THE QUEEN'S ROOM."

The performance was given at the Boudoir Theatre, Kensington.

receipt-stamps were examined under the microscope, it was obvious that the right-hand side of one stamp corresponded with the left-hand side of the other stamp. That is to say, the little projections of paper left when two stamps are torn apart across the perforation exactly coincided in every instance, a long projection on one being matched by a short projection on the other, and so on. The exact coincidence of seventeen points could not have been the result of chance, and the stamps on the two receipts must therefore originally have been attached to one another in the sheet. The further inference was that the jeweller must either have torn them apart and put one on the earlier receipt and the other on the later one at the same time, or he must have had the second stamp put aside for three months and then affixed it to the later receipt."

Of such matters, Mr. Ainsworth Mitchell treats in detail that is always fascinating—of such matters and others; the telectrograph, by which portraits of the wanted can be wired, the Bertillon system, identification by finger-prints, "wireless," the police-dog, and so on—to the almost inevitable downfall of the criminal, his well-deserved immolation on the altar of strictly scientific investigation.

[&]quot; Science and the Criminal." By C. Ainsworth Mitchell. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 6s.)

Gerrors of the Gee: Golf Pests.



IV.—THE LINGUIST.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

NOVEL IN A NUTSH

IN THE LANE.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

N the 17th of July, Andrew Creswick, a reporter on the staff of the Daily Echo, who had been sent down to Hollingham Hill on special work, missed the last train from that station to town, and decided to walk to Bealing. The night was fine and warm, and he had spent the better part of two hours crouching in

a stuffy little outhouse. Consequently, he walked briskly.

He found his way down the lower slope of the hill, and, confident in the possession of a twelve-inch Ordnance map and the instructions of the Hollingham porter, entered a narrow lane. Its darkness, after the comparative brightness of the open countryside, darkness, after the comparative brightness of the open countrystue, seemed impenetrable, and, without being apprehensive, he went forward with caution. Presently he heard a series of odd, creaking sounds behind him. They conveyed, he says, the impression of someone wheeling a heavily laden barrow. The sounds ceased, abruptly and absolutely. Creswick turned. A heavy, sack-like substance descended upon his head, ropes were wound about his allowed and applies and he was flung forward. Hands—or what elbows and ankles, and he was flung forward. Hands—or what felt like hands—ran swiftly and lightly over his clothing. They emptied his pockets (the contents of which, with a single exception, were found lying beside him an hour and a half later), and then followed the sound of shuffling feet, the inexplicable creaking movements, and silence.

Creswick lay still for a time, and then began to struggle with his fastenings. He was still struggling when a couple of cyclists, taking a short cut, almost crashed into him. One did, indeed, run over Creswick's flapping hand. They dismounted, anathematised him for a drunken lunatic, and finally, discovering the true state of affairs, untied the knots, which were uncommonly thorough and effective, and helped him, dishevelled and muddy, and bleeding a little at the mouth, as far as Trigger's Corner. At this point they encountered a constable. Creswick accompanied the man to the police-station, fainted ingloriously on the doorstep, was given brandy-and-water, and finally told his story to a sympathetic Sub-Inspector whose name was Winch. And there, so far as Creswick himself was concerned, the matter practically ended.

No one outside the immediate locality bothered very much about the affair, although the usual letters concerning the shamefully inadequate police supervision in rural districts appeared in the papers. But the constable who had assisted in taking Creswick to the station was a man of ideas. He conferred with the Sub-Inspector, who, on the off-chance of there being something in Tarford's theories, gave him permission to take the lane and its more immediate vicinity under his protection.

For three days Tarford kept unwinking vigil. On the evening of the first he returned with news of odd, inexplicable whirrings and rustlings and movements which refused to be identified with any birds or beasts which might be presumed to be near the spot. On the second day he had nothing fresh to report. On the morning of the third he did not go to the lane at all. On the same night a man from one of the cottages near came upon him lying, truncheon in hand, staring sightlessly up at the moonlit sky, the front of his skull smashed in with 'one tremendous blow. His black official note-book was missing.

This time there was no lack of public interest in the affair, for a murder fires the public excitement as nothing else can. The facts deduced at the inquest were few. Only one blow—an extraordinarily powerful one—had been struck. The gate near had been padlocked at the time, and there were no traces of the assailant having stood near or scrambled over it, nor were there marks upon any of the trees in which he might have sheltered. There were no cottages near enough to command a view of the spot, and the inmates of the nearest had neither seen nor heard anything. Lady Arraby, in whose family the Manor House on the slope of the hill had been for many centuries, and through whose property the lane itself ran, gave evidence which was equally negative, since the whole household had retired to rest at the time. Her Ladyship's intimation that she would be pleased to head the subscription-list which had been opened on behalf of the murdered man's family with a hundred guineas was received with a hum of approval in court, for it was an open secret that the Arrabys were as poor as church mice.

There was the usual crop of false alarms, and then public interest in the affair began to waver. The watchers dwindled until only one remained—a plain-clothes detective named Michell. He had a reputation for doggedness which was, unfortunately, not equalled by his good-fortune. In the very early morning of Monday, August the 26th, he was found huddled in the ditch of the lane-dead. An open note-book was still clutched in the stiff In it the Inspector, who chanced to make the discovery deciphered four pencilled words and what was presumably intended for part of a fifth: "... wheel. Rises and falls ... ship."

The remainder of the page had been roughly torn out.

A murderous assault and two murders within a few days are not healthy for the reputation of any locality. And the Sub-Inspector, who valued the detective as a man should value a trusted subwho valued the detective as a man should value a trusted sub-ordinate, swore under his breath as he galloped back for a doctor and the ambulance. A fresh man-hunting expedition was organised, in which a couple of bloodhounds proved even more conspicuous failures than their human coadjutors Scotland Yard offered direct intervention; but Winch declined it—for the time, for his pro-fessional pride was up in arms. The authorities left him alone, but intimated delicately that it would be the better for his reputation

if the murderers were caught before another outrage took place. Unfortunately for Winch, they were not.

From the first the reporters had been his greatest dread. One of them, Foxtoft, of the Wire, succeeded in evading the men who guarded each entrance to the lane, and contrived to set up some

sort of observation-tower for himself in the big hollow elm which is about half-way down. It is the only opening, beside the gate, where one can get anything like a clear view of the country around. There, a little later, they found his sodden packet of sandwiches and his half-emptied flask. Some six feet further on lay Foxtoft himself, face downwards in the puddle which had formed at the foot of the tree. A narrow, muddy line ran across the upper half of his body and his chin, but the cause of death was

a broken neck.

Scotland Yard, as Winch had anticipated, took immediate action. Heming, a detective of the tactless, bulldog type, who had risen from the uniformed ranks by a combination of physical courage, luck, and an excellent constitution, was sent post-haste to take charge of the case. Winch met him at the railway station. Almost from the first moment the relations between the two men were strained, although Heming was old enough and Winch suffi-ciently a man of the world to avoid open hostility. But Heming doubted the thoroughness of Winch's investigations, and—what was a good deal worse—made no scruple about saying so. From the station-yard he climbed over into the nearest field, and stared scowlingly across to where the ground rose and fell in a series of little hilledge and hellows. little hillocks and hollows.

In one of the latter rose the roof of a small, barn-like building.

Heming indicated it with a stumpy forefinger. "What's that?"

"A mere shed." "Anything in it?"

"Two or three old farm-implements, I believe." "Believe! Hasn't the place been searched?"

Winch's face expressed a mixture of embarrassment and

exasperation.
"Tarford, I believe, went over it on the morning of the day he died. But it's at least a mile and a half from the lane, and we'd a cordon round the place long before any human being could have bolted so far. We turn to the left from here."

Without answering, Heming began to make a steady course for the shed. Winch, who had reached the point of cordially hating

the man, followed him in sulky silence.

Heming walked up to the door, jerked out the wooden peg which secured it, came upon a second fastening which he failed to negotiate, and unceremoniously burst his way in. A rusty harrow and some broken tools occupied almost all the floor-space. It was typical of the man that he investigated each corner before turning back.
"Well?" said Winch, an ill-concealed sneer in his tone.

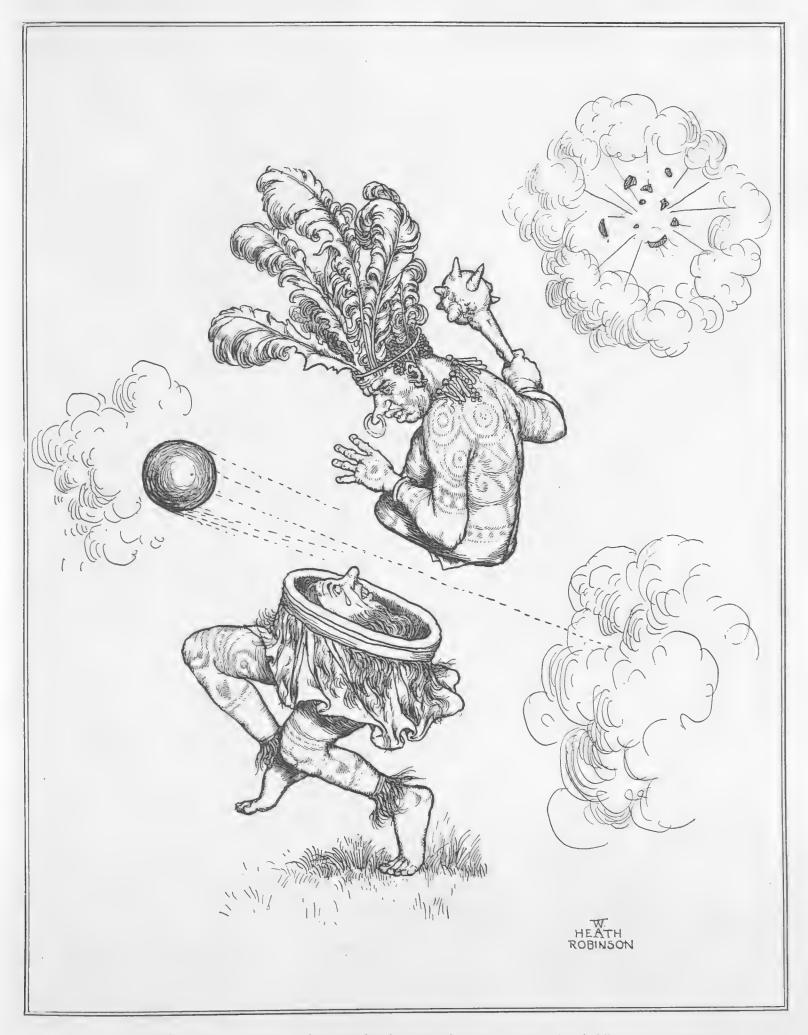
"Come here," said Heming.

The two bent together over the body of a young man. The unshaven face was that of a gentleman, and an athlete. He lay upon an accumulation of old sacking, but there were better coverings over him, and his head and arm were elaborately bandaged.

Heming examined the body with unsuspected lightness of touch. "He's been dead a couple of hours at least," he said; and then, catching the stricken horror in Winch's eyes, added, "Who is he?

[Continued overleaf.

A CUTTING THOUGHT.



THE CANNIBAL CHIEF (divided by a shell and gazing at his most recent victim) Alas! Thus does conscience still make cowards of us all!

"Her Ladyship's son-Mr. Harold Arraby," said Winch.

An attack of shuddering faintness came over him, and it was some time before they could close the door and emerge into the scented freedom of the fields again. Winch moved with the leadenfooted lassitude of a man who is weighted by an intolerable burden. The nightmare horror of the place was crushing into his soul. Heming shot a glance at him from time to time, but forebore to

"What is to be done?" said Winch heavily, as they reached

the road.

"You'd better take an hour or so off"—Heming's tones were not unkindly. "I'll do what's necessary. . . . Lady Arraby must be told, of course."

"Better let that wait till to-morrow," said Winch. He walked the bis companion to the police-station, spent some time with him

with his companion to the police-station, spent some time with him there, and then went on to his lodgings, a few yards away.

The evening meal was already set in the little dining-room. Winch ate mechanically, and then stood for a long time staring through the curtains up at the darkening sky. Then from a shelf

he took a powerful lantern and a heavy stick, and went out. He struck across the fields to the lane. One of his own men there recognised and spoke to him. He had nothing of importance to report, and Winch nodded absently and passed on. He entered the lane as the last glimmer faded from the sky, and, in a silence so deep that the rustle of his own feet in the grass startled him, walked to the gate and from there to the tree under which Foxtoft had met his death. A rat scurried down the slope of the edge and set his nerves jangling.

For an hour he waited. And for another, and another. The gloom and isolation of the place closed in upon him, until he could have shouted for the mere relief of hearing his own voice. He paced from tree to gate, waited a while, and then from gate to

tree again.
"It should be earlier to-night," he told himself, under his breath, and leaned out from the shadow of the elm-trunk to see the

face of his watch. Its hands stood at a quarter to twelve.

A colony of birds above him awoke with shrill, startled clamours. Winch had been nodding imperceptibly, but in an instant became extraordinarily alert. As he stood peering out, there shot across the field, with a strange rising and falling motion, like a bird which cannot fly more than a few yards without resting, a strange whirring mechanism. There were flat, bat-like wings on either side, some sort of rudder-plane behind, while in unison with every downward swoop a rigid bar dropped and brought a supporting wheel into contact with the earth. There were two seats, the foremost being occupied by a crouching figure, the rear one vacant. So much, at all events, Winch had time to realise by the blinding illumination of the acetylene-lamp which he uncovered as the monster whirred past in a direct line for the gap. He, too, was seen. A bar of some shining metal was released, flashed down, and missed him by a hair's-breadth. Winch struck a futile retaliatory blow, and then dropped upon his knees. The thing struck at him again, missed for the second time, and vanished.

For a space the Inspector lay huddled against the trunk,

breathing in great gasps. At last he staggered to his feet, reached a gate which gave access to the main road, and from there made his way back to his lodgings. At nine on the following morning he re-entered the station. He had had less than an hour's sleep within two days, and his face showed it.
"Well?" said Heming brusquely.

"I have some fresh information . . . to take to Lac said Winch. He spoke and moved like an automaton. . to take to Lady Arraby," ke an automaton. "I called to suggest that we should go up to the house at once."

Heming stood hesitating for a moment. Finally, he took his hat, and without a word of comment followed Winch out into the

sunlit street.

They climbed the hill, and turned into the drive which led to the Manor House. During the walk, Winch, still moving with a stiff wooden gait, did not speak six sentences, and Heming showed no inclination for conversation. A maid, who apparently knew the Inspector, ushered the men into the hall. Lady Arraby, she said, had only just left her room. She had been unwell for some The girl further gave it as her private opinion that her Ladyship was worrying over something-possibly Mr. Harold, who had left the place nearly a fortnight ago, and who had not written since.

"We have an urgent message to deliver," said Heming, in his most sombre and official tones, and added, "It concerns Lady

Arraby's son."

The girl gave a frightened little gasp, and disappeared. When she returned, it was to lead the men into a small morning-room, into which Lady Arraby stepped a moment later to greet them.

She was a smally-built, white-haired woman, with a strength of character which blazed from her still splendid eyes. She glanced from time to time at Heming, but her remarks were addressed almost wholly to Winch.

"I have come with news," said the Inspector slowly, "which I

am more than sorry to be compelled to convey to your Ladyship."

"I—I think I can guess it," said Lady Arraby, and both men became conscious of the iron self-control which lay behind every syllable. "He is dead?"

Winch bowed his head.

"Murdered?"

"I am unable to say. Would your Ladyship care for me to lay the facts before you?"

"Yes."

"Even if they should prove, as they may, exceedingly painful?"
"Please tell me everything that you have discovered," she said

sharply, and sat down facing him.

"Since part of what I've assumed is only based on suspicions, I may be wrong in one or two details. But of the main facts I'm certain . . . certain! . . . I've always known, of course, that Mr. Harold was of an inventive turn, and that (if your Ladyship will forgive my saying so) he set all his hopes on restoring the family fortunes with his wits. And recently, and quite secretly for the idea was valuable enough to make secrecy a fundamental necessity—he devised a small, very swift semi-flying machine, capable of skimming, dragon-fly fashion, at a low distance above the ground, but incapable of sustained flight for more than a short distance without coming into contact with the earth for support. It carried two passengers... On the evening of the seventeenth of July, your son and a trusted companion set out for a trial flight on the completed apparatus. But earlier in the day a man named Creswick—a reporter—had appeared on the scene. Whatever his excuses, I've very little doubt that he'd ferreted out a great deal more than he'd any right to do, and that Mr. Harold guessed as much. And when, during the preliminary flight, he came upon Creswick on his way back to the station, he acted on the impulse of the moment, flung the man down, and went through his papers. Among them he found a bundle of plans, which he took." "Go on," said Lady Arraby.

"But the machine, as I've said, was in an experimental stage, and it failed him when failure was the one thing which he could not afford to face. I'll own frankly that it was through Mr. Heming here that I first examined the shed, and the ground around it on which the machine came down with a rush. Your son must have been flung off, and badly injured, while the passenger behind him escaped. He—Mr. Harold—was carried into the shed. It stands in a little hollow on your Ladyship's estate. His companion-who, I judge, had been interested in, and familiar with, the workings of the machine since its inception-flew on it back to the workshops. After the attack on Creswick it was more than ever necessary that the whole thing should be kept secret. It was also necessary that the young man should have attention until he could be brought away from the shed unnoticed. And so every night the companion travelled from the workshops to the

shed, using the machine, because he could take a cross-country route on it, and travel about thirty times as quickly as he could walk, and when he had attended to the wounded man, flew back

to the workshops.

"Which brings me to the first murder. I prefer to believe that the death of Tarford was an accident. I admit that he'd explored the shed, and was killed while on his way back to the police-station to report what he had discovered there; but I think the blow which killed him came from the suddenly dropped support of the machine as it passed over him. . . . In any case, the net result was the same. It became a matter not merely of policy, but of life and death, to prevent the secret of the shed and of the flyingmachine's visits there becoming known. The secret was kept. Two other people who stumbled upon the truth paid the penalty with their lives. God alone knows how the whole ghastly business would have ended if the boy had recovered. I suppose there would have been no more murders, and that the 'mystery' would have died a natural death—when the papers let it. . . . As it is, it's my duty to see the thing through to the finish—and to apologise to

your Ladyship if I've said too much or said it too plainly."

There was a silence, which was broken by a sudden restless movement on the part of Heming.

"You've not told either of us where you believe the machine to have been stored," he complained, "or—"

"I've a theory that it was put together in the old outhouses over the crest of the hill. They're connected with the main building here by an underground passage—a common enough arrangement here by an underground passage—a common enough arrangement in places as old as this."

"But who-

"Gentlemen"—Lady Arraby rose stiffly to her feet—"forgive me, but I can hear no more. The strain of the past few days has been overwhelming." She reeled slightly, as though she were fainting, and instinctively Heming sprang to his feet. "There is a restorative upon the mantelshelf of the next room—my study. If you will bring it-

Heming was gone before she could finish the sentence. made a half-movement as if to follow him, but apparently changed his mind, and dropped back into his chair again.

Lady Arraby took the bottle and glass which the detective brought, filled the latter to the brim, and drained it with a steady hand. A wave of colour surged back into her cheeks. With a sudden movement, she flung both glass and bottle clattering into the fireplace, and turned to face the two men.

"You may tell your friend the name of the criminal, Mr. Winch," she cried, in a high, strained voice; "and tell him, too, that . . . she has gone to join her son!"

She smiled at them as she spoke, and then lurched blindly forward, and fell with a crash at Heming's feet.



By HENRY LEACH.

The L.G.U. Annual. Nearly every man in his idle moments is something of a busybody, with a weakness for poking his nose into matters that do not concern him, and which may be supposed to be kept out of his way. When he properly understands that there is something unusual



A PIONEER LADY GOLF
PROFESSIONAL: MRS.
GORDON ROBERTSON.
Mrs. Gordon Robertson was
appointed in 1909 as golf
professional at Prince's
Ladies' Golf Club, Mitcham.
She has written a book of
hints for lady golfers.
Theograph by Topical.

private character, that is enough. He feels then that he ought to know the facts of the case—always assuming, of course, that in endeavouring to obtain them he violates no canon of proper and gentlemanly conduct. I have reason to believe that since what is called the ladies' golf boom began, certain men have felt in this way towards ladies' golf and its ruling authority, the Ladies' Golf Union; and in apologising on their behalf, I would tell them of a place where they can get to know all the secrets and the mysterious workings and the rites of ladies' golf. Once a year I am myself given a rich entertainment in this way. I have a friendly agent in Miss Issette Pearson, the high priestess of ladies' golf, who steals on tiptoe and whispers to me, with her finger up warningly—"They have all gone out; you can look inside; but be quick about it, and, remember, you do it at your own risk!" At this I somewhat nervously pass through the big doors and the heavy curtains into the temple of ladies' golf; and when the first awe has left me, I rummage about, open the cupboards, turn the vases on the mantelpiece upside down, in case something should be hidden in them, and, sniffing at the Bond Street perfumes all the time, think how jolly it is to be there and to be finding things out like that. This is

going on, and that it is of a more or less

merely a figurative way of stating the simpler circumstance that Miss Pearson, 'the hon. sec. of the L.G.U., has the graciousness once a year to send me a copy of "The Ladies' Golf Union Year-Book," as soon as she has finished her enormous work upon it. It tells everything about ladies' golf, reveals the great wonders of it. And you do not find this book in the smoking-rooms of the men's club houses. For a day it gives me the very best entertainment, and be it added, it leads

men's club houses. For a day it gives me the very best entertainment, and, be it added, it leads also to some serious reflections. There is nothing else that is like it, and it is getting bigger and bigger every year. It is fast approaching the thousand pages now, and this year has all the particulars of 336 clubs, as against the 290 that were scheduled last time.

The System of Handicapping. This time there is the fullest account I have yet seen—and it is an official one, of course—of the recent domestic strife in the family circle of the L.G.U., resulting in something in the nature of a little split. Men golfers like to read about such things, because it makes them feel how impossible such disturbances would be among themselves. Then, of course, all the great, strong

men golfers turn up the pages devoted to the handicapping systems of the Union, because they are so often discussed and criticised for their originality and their alleged weaknesses. Personally, I have always contended that the Union system is an excellent one, and while admitting that it may not be ideal, it is, at its very worst, better than no system at all, and we men golfers have no system. Miss Pearson would be well justified in saying sarcastic things upon the circumstance that it has lately been discovered that various men's clubs have adopted the L.G.U. arrangement. The new volume is out, appropriately, at the time when the L.G.U. is holding its great annual carnival of golf, for the championship is taking

place during this week at Portrush, in the north of Ireland, and it must be the greatest meeting of its kind ever held. It is a splendid thing to do a little innocent gambling on — much better than the men's championships.

Prospects of the Married.

Married.

One takes a certain soulful joy in reflecting that as the lady you have backed gets through round after round she is doing it all for you. A man offered to lay me 8 to 1 last week that a married lady would not win, and I have taken him. There is much

offered to lay me 8 to 1 last week that a married lady would not win, and I have taken him. There is much point in this wager. The very young girls are, if I may so put it, playing the dickens in this and other ladies' tournaments in these days.

A PIONEER LADY GOLF PROFESSIONAL: MISS LILY FREEMANTLE.

Miss Freemantle has been appointed instructress at the Ladies' Golf Club at Sunningdale. She is the daughter of Mr. W. Freemantle, the professional at the Costebelle Golf Club, Hyères.

Photograph by Sport and General.

On the other hand, only one married lady, being married at the time, has ever won the championship, that being Mrs. Kennion five years ago. More than this, no other married lady has even got into the final; but they have several times reached the semi-final. The way I look at it is that it is time another married lady won; and when I was offered and accepted the 8 to 1 I did not dis-

close to the layer a piece of private information-a kind of stable tip-that I had, that Mrs. Adrian Ross (being until a little while since Miss May Hezlet, three times champion, and one of the best lady golfers who ever handled a club) was in training again to uphold the honour of her beloved Portrush, and was a certain starter. And there are some other good ones, like Mrs. F. W. Brown, Mrs. Tamworth, and Mrs. Durlacher. All these gee-gees have a chance. In the circumstances, I hope they do not mind being described as gee-gees. But, to finish, "The L.G.U. Year-Book" is a great achievement, upon which Miss Pearson is to be most sincerely congratulated. It displays the Union as a triumph of organisation. Lady golfers may obtain it for a couple of shillings, and I cannot understand any of them being without it.



TRANSATLANTIC COMPETITORS IN THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A BEVY
OF GOLF CELEBRITIES ON BOARD SHIP.

Several famous lady golfers came over from the United States and Canada for the Ladies' Golf Championship, which was arranged to begin at Portrush on Monday, the 15th. Our photograph shows a group taken on board the liner. Reading from left to right, they are Miss Florence Harvey, ex-champion of Canada; Miss Prim Nesbitt, of Hamilton, Ontario, who holds the long-distance record of 700 feet; Miss Marie Fownes, sister of Mr. W. C. Fownes jun., the U.S.A. amateur champion; Miss Louise Elkins, of Pittsburg, known as the "North and South Champion"; and Miss Dorothy Campbell, the ex-English champion and holder of the championships of the United States and Canada. Miss Cambbell now enters from the Hamilton Club, Ontario.—[Photograph by the National News Association.]



By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

O," I said, "anything you like but that; anything under what you are pleased to call the sun, but not the Royal Academy! You went there, I went there, though not together (with a reproachful shake of the head towards my husband, but then you don't convert an English husband in a few months), everybody went there. Austen told me what he 'liked' and what he 'didn't like'; and you, Vi, you told me what was 'jolly' and what was 'rotten.' After such subtle criticism, there is nothing left to be said."

"Anyway," said my sister-in-law, "the Academy is never half as good as the French salons."

Vi, being an Englishwoman of the cultured type, never admires

anything but what is made abroad. This trait constitutes here the greatest of all class distinctions. "Furreign" is synonymous for "detestable" in Balham. Naturally, I took up the cudgels for English art—not only in fairness, but because, being French, I admire everything English. There is nothing purer or more sincere than English painting; and I can respect its conservatism, though I am a Republican.
"There is one thing, any

way, in which our French artists cannot touch yours."

Vi stopped interrogatively

between two sips of tea.

"Stockings," I said, "silk stockings. They are suggestively alive, the stockings of the English portraitists. I never saw hose more silky or more transparent outside the Academy, except in the Park

Have another sandwich. I cannot think." Why we are called an artistic nation

"Because of the English and the Americans who fill the Paris

studios," said my husband, with his unbiassed common-sense.

Vi judged wisely that we had emptied the subject. "Whoever made those heavenly sandwiches?" she asked.

"I don't know. Some female in the house—one of the enemies

we keep on the premises."
"You are not fit to have

children if you can't explain the roots of things."

"Pâté-de-foie-gras has no roots, ma chère belle-sœur; only

truffles, and never enough of these!"

"Have you seen Montylately?"
"Not for an eternity—not since our marriage. (I beg your pardon, Austen; it is really

paruon, Austen; it is really nicer than it sounded. Heaven is eternal, you know.)"

"Ah," said Vi, "he is in love with some other girl."

"On the contract."

"On the contrary," I protested, "and that's why."

I would not dream of being so frank in front of a French husband, but nothing can make Austen jealous. I sometimes wish he would not trust me quite so much—it's positively humiliat-ing. Some husbands' too perfect confidence in their wives amounts to impertinence. They seem to consider a marriage-certificate as an insurance policy—covering all risks. If I were a man I would be far more jealous of my wife than of my fiancée. A fiancée is yours because it pleases her (at least, it often happens to be the case); while you can never

be sure that to be yours has not long ceased to please your wife.

"Monty told me he was to do some flying last Saturday at Brighton," proffered Vi, sharing with me the wicked hope of rousing

her too placid brother.
"I know. We were there, Phrynette and I, and we waited for hours for the aviators."

"Yes," I complained, "and there is nothing more exasperating

than to wait for something that is coming, or not coming, from high up above. It gives one freckles and wrinkles and the greedy look of famishing young birds."

"And how did you like Brighton, Phrynette? You were never

there before, were you?"
"No, but I thought I was.
That's because none of the English seaside places is copyright. I knew Eastbourne, I knew Herne Bay, and so I knew Brighton before I went there. But, if the place itself did not enchant me, it was jolly getting there. A Pullman-car is like travelling in a caoutchouc ball bounding of itself without being kicked."
"Where did you stay?"

"We did not stay any-where. We were never five minutes in the same placeyou can't in an hotel. We took a room at the Modern Palace, facing the sea. Only there were no sand, no rocks, and no seaweed; and the sea behaves much too nicely in Brighton—it is only seen, not heard. I did not like the hotel. There were too much marble and gold and carpets

ENGAGED: THE HON. FRANCES LYTTELTON AND MAJOR THE HON. HENRY GUEST, M.P.

The Hon. Frances Henrietta Lyttelton is the second of the three daughters of Viscount Cobbam, and a niece of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton (formerly Colonial Secretary) and of the Headmaster of Eton. She was born in 1885. Major the Hon. Christian Henry Charles Guest, M.P., is the youngest son of Lord Wimborne. He is in the 1st Dragoon Guards, and served in South Africa. He was elected for East Dorsetshire last June, and for Pembroke and Haverfordwest in December.

Photographs by Thomson and Lafayett

and palms about. Everything is so aggressively new and sumptuous in an hotel. Next time we go to Brighton we will live at Rottingdean. I like Rottingdean, chiefly the end of it deep down in the village. And there is no pier there. Isn't a pier a hideous thing? So gaunt and grey, and with its look of having been hastily put together, it is like a miniature Crystal Palace. Old Mrs. Ross was staying at our hotel. I say 'old,' but she is not so ancient really:

only people who will wear yellow hair and pink frocks accentuate their wrinkles so, don't think? She was there with her nephew—such a handsome boy, with black curly hair and Irish eyes. Do you know him? All the women in the hotel just held their gossip to stare at him wherever he was."
"Yes, I have seen him with

her before, never in town, though. But Brighton is still worse, because people haven't got anything else to do there but to think you over. He is not her nephew at all really; he is"-Vi conscientiously munched her toast seven times before explaining—"... He is in the silk department at Barrod's."
"Are you sure?" I gasped.
"Then that's why he called Austen 'Sir' all the time, and

was always distributing chairs all

was always distributing chairs all round. She said he was her sister's eldest."

"She has no sister—I know, we were at school together—and no brother either."

"That does not prevent one having good-looking nephews."

having good-looking nephews,' said Sir Austen, world-wisely.



FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA STOREY: A NEW PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS POULETT.

Countess Poulett, who was married in 1908 to the seventh earl, was formerly famous on the musical-comedy stage as Miss Sylvia Storey, and is a daughter of Mr. Fred Storey, the well-known comedian. She appeared as Romney's Lady Hamilton in "The Gay Gordons." She has one son, Viscount Hinton, born in 1909.



ENGAGED TO .. MR. RICHARD COLT-HURST: MISS CECILY CHOLMONDELEY.

Miss Cecility Cholmondeley is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Edstaston, Wem, Shropshire. Her father commanded the C.I.V. Mounted Infantry in South Africa. Mr. Richard St. John Jefferyes Colthurst is the younger son of Sir George Colthurst, Bt., and Lady Colthurst, of Blarney Castle, Co. Cork.

Photograph by Rita Martin



The Evolution of the Motor-Cycle.

Motor-cyclists who are able to-day comfortably to accomplish daily runs of two hundred miles or more without semblance of trouble should

pause sometimes to reflect upon the wonderful rapidity with which their marvellous machines have come to perfection, and the immense amount of thought and inventive genius which has been brought to

bear upon them in the process of their rapid evolution. It is but twentysix years ago that Gottlieb Daimler, the father of automobilism, produced the first self-propelled two-wheeled machine, an illustration of which is given in a most interesting "Historical Retrospect of Motor-Cycling," just issued by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company. By the perusal of this sketch, the motor-cyclist will learn how the perfect machine he bestrides to-day has been evolved from the original above mentioned, through the steam and petrol driven tricycles of the Marquis de Dion, the wonderful four-cylinder electrically fired bicycle built by Colonel Holden, the two-cylinder bicycle of Hildebrand and Wolfmuller, the French machine of Millet, with its five-cylinder rotary engine; the Singer bicycle and tricycle, with its engine in the middle of the wheel; the Werner bicycle, with engine on the steering-socket and driving the front wheel; the first light Clement and English Enfield down to the latest Triumph of modern days.

A Race for Standard Cars.

appease its conscience in this matter by putting forward a race for standard cars, to be decided on the Brooklands track on June 13 next. The distance is to be 277 miles, for four-cylinder cars whose engines shall not be more R. A. C. rating. The minimum weight of a car is to be 1600 lb., and any type of body may be fitted. It is presumed that the conditions are settled beyond recall, for if they had been put forth tentatively, they would assuredly have become the subject of sharp discussion. Condition 6 is rigidly administered, it may preserve the race from freaks; but the adherence to the R.A.C. horse - power formula, and the absolute disregard of stroke, or at least of pistonswept contents, is to be regretted. It is likely to discourage from entering their cars those makers who have purposely refrained from abnormal strokes.

BUDDING BLÉRIOTS: A CLUB OF NEW YORK SCHOOLBOYS WHO QUALIFY FOR IT BY CONSTRUCTING A MODEL AEROPLANE. The boys of the New York schools take a deep interest in aeronautics, and have formed a club, every member of which has to build a model aeroplane according to his own ideas. The club meetings are held in an armoury of the National Guard, where the aeroplanes are shown in action. The boy whose aeroplane is the best receives as a trophy a plate such as that seen in the hands of the boy kneeling at the left of the photograph. The club has produced some excellent machines.—[Photograph by Transatlantic Co.]

Frustrated by the opposition of the trade from promoting a really searching and instructive road-trial, the R.A.C. makes an effort to the motorist on week-end touring intent will find it impossible

It would be interesting to know why such a feather-weight as 1600 lb. has been allotted as More Weight, More Weight! the minimum. Such a weight is not more than ought to go into a bare chassis for a 15.9 engine, and there are many on the market to-day which are one, two, or three hundred-weights heavier. The minimum weight quoted, to make it easily

grasped, is 14 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lb., and this may include petrol, oil, water, and driver. The petrol, oil, and water might well be 104 lb., and the driver 168 lb. If any owner or maker of a standard i5-16-h.p. car will take the weight of his car into consideration, he will realise that it is impossible to get such a chassis down to that weight with safety. It is also to be regretted that no restriction whatsoever exists as to the type or dimensions of the body to be carried. It may be just anything or nothing, whereas a provision for wind-resistance equal to that usually presented by an open touring-body with a practical screen would have proved most instructive as giving some kind of a line by which the performances of the competing engines in relation to standard bodies might be judged.

In the drafting More Kill-Joy of the Shops Legislation. Bill, small consideration has been given to motorists who motor abroad at week-ends and who keep their cars at

a public garage. So far as the tangled verbiage of the Bill-draftsman can be divined by the layman unlearned in the law,

to get anything done to his car on the seventh day of the week, though he be ditched half a mile from efficient help. It is also on the cards, and given a particular set of circumstances in any one locality, that he could not purchase petrol or anything else on a Saturday or some other afternoon after one o'clock. It is lucky that the probable effect of certain ill - considered sections of this measure have caught the eye of the R.A.C., who, with the Society of Motor Manufac-turers and Traders, will request the Home Secretary in deputation to modify the kill-joy pro-visions. Having regard to the immense amount of business done by provincial motor agents and garages at the week - end, it seems obvious that some inquiry into the subject, allied with a little common-sense, would have precluded the necessity for such ob-

vious representations. [Continued on a later page.



VALKYRIES-HUMAN AND MECHANICAL: MISS EDITH MEEZE, A FLIER OF THE ALL-BRITISH "VALKYRIE" MONOPLANE AT HENDON.

The all-British "Valkyrie" machine, which is remarkable for its stability, is distinctive in flying tail first, and differs from all other monoplanes in having the engine and propeller behind the pilot, whose view is thus uninterrupted. Its long, upturned skids enable it to descend safely on rough ground. In view of the military uses of the aeroplane—witness the War Office demonstration at Hendon before Lord Haldane—the "Valkyrie" is appropriately named, for in Norse mythology the Valkyries were beautiful maidens who hovered over battles, and conducted the souls of fallen heroes to Valhalla.—[Photograph by F. N. Eirkett.]

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Nothing unexpected occurred in the Newmarket The Derby. Stakes, Sunstar putting in such a facile performance that it is difficult to rid one's mind of the idea that he must win the Derby. So far as the Newmarket race was concerned,

his lines were cast in pleasant places, and what appeared to be his most formidable opponents were King William, who is undoubtedly a high-class colt, met with a mishap which kept him confined to the home paddock for a week; and it was decided not to risk Pietri owing to the hardness of the ground. It was doubly unfortunate that King William should have jarred himself at the time he did, for he had been looked upon, and jutifiably so, as likely to prove a doughty opponent of Mr. J. B. Joel's colt in the Derby. The stoppage in work with the big Epsom race only a fortnight away seems to indicate that he cannot be sent to the post in anything like the condition required for such a task. M. E. Blanc's horses are apparently not so good as was expected; and should he not send any over, Stern will take the mount on Sunstar at Epsom. Another jockey who rides in France may have a mount in the Derby. I refer to Frank O'Neill; it would not surprise me to see him up on Cellini, who, it may be taken for granted, will run a much better animal than he did in the Two Thousand Guineas. Old Mat Dawson used to say the best two-year-old made the best three-year-old. Well, last year Pietri was undoubtedly a better horse than Sunstar. The Guineas running upset the form between the pair, and Mr. L. de Rothschild's colt suffers from two drawbacks that make one hesitate to take him into consideration—namely, a bad temper and a broken wind. There is always the lurking suspicion that the distance of the Derby may prove a little too far for a horse whose sire is Sundridge, and whose stock have shown inability to score over a longer distance than a mile and a quarter. Since 1899 only six winners of the Newmarket Stakes have won the Derby—namely, Donovan, Isinglass, Ladas, Galtee More, Diamond Jubilee, and Cicero.

"Home" Meetings. A great many people who used to go to Newmarket on the Monday, and stay until the races were over, travel

those of Mr. Sol Joel have been narrowly defeated just as consistently. He sent St. Nat to Newbury for what looked like an exercise canter in the Greenham Stakes; St. Nat found Sydmonton in the

mood to produce his best form for the first time—form that he could not subsequently reproduce in the Two Thousand Guineas. He sent Long Set to Hurst Park with a view to the Victoria Cup. The horse met with an accident at the railway-station, and could not run for the race, which was won by Spanish Prince, carrying his brother's colours. He sent Sunder to Chester to try to win the Vase, and the colt was beaten by Maaz. In minor events, his Arranmore was confidently expected to win a race at Newmarket last month, but he finished second. Contrast this dismal list with the victories achieved by Mr. J. B. Joel's horses. Elmstead began by running second for the Crawfurd Plate, and Radiancy was second for the One Thousand Guineas; but all else has been sunshine. The Story began the ball by winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Epsom, thus giving rise to the extreme confidence that was thus giving rise to the extreme confidence that was displayed over Sunstar for the Two Thousand Guineas; and that victory having been duly achieved, Spanish Prince won at Hurst Park. In addition to that, Elmstead won a sprint handicap and Sunstar added the Newmarket Stakes to his earlier laurels.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Nothing of great importance occurs in the racing world this week. My selections are—Bath, to-day: Somersetshire Stakes, Dennery; Weston Stakes, Coral; Bath Handicap, Niatawah. York, to-day: Flying Dutchman Welter, Protestant Boy; Melrose Handicap, Ormette; Eglinton Stakes, Fabian Way. Doncaster, to-morrow: Three-Year-Old Handicap, Bannockburn; Portland Handicap, The Taj; Hopeful Stakes, Lonesome. Friday: Chesterfield Plate, Gog; Fitzwilliam Stakes, Eiderduck; Scurry Handi-Gog; Fitzwilliam Stakes, Elderduck; Scurry Handicap, Courage. Salisbury, to-morrow: Stewards' Plate, Run colt: Salisbury Stakes, Sacred Song; Wiltshire Plate, Vesta. Friday: Salisbury Cup, Victory; Foal Stakes, Covert Side. Windsor, Saturday: Romney Handicap, Orpiment; Royal Handicap, Succour; Speedy Plate, Melody.



MANAGER OF HIS MAJESTY'S THOROUGHBREDS: LORD MARCUS BERESFORD.

Lord Marcus Beresford, who manages the Sandringham Stud, is also an the Sandringham Stud, is also an
Extra Equerry to the King. From
1885 to 1890 he acted as starter for
the Jockey Club. He was born on
Christmas Day, 1848, and is two
years younger than his brother,
Lord Charles.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE FIRST HORSE RUN BY THE KING SINCE HIS ACCESSION: PINTADEAU, BEATEN AT NEWMARKET IN THE NORFOLK TWO-YEAR-OLD TPLATE.

To everyone's regret, Pintadeau, the first horse run by the King since his Accession, failed to carry his Majesty's colours to victory in the Norfolk Two-Year-Old Plate at Newmarket last week. Pintadeau, who was ridden by Herbert Jones, was beaten a long way from home, but, being unused to racing, he may not have shown his best form. King George took his defeat with sportsman-like good-humour.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

from town each day now, the train service having been improved tremendously. High charges at Newmarket had something to do with the increase of the daily travellers to and fro, but it was the improved train service that afforded the opportunity. Nothing better in the way of a quick journey is done than the London to Newbury ride, which very seldom exceeds the hour. Although it is four times as far away as Kempton, Epsom, and Sandown, it is, like them, a mere "half-day" affair to get there, see the racing, and be back in town.

Two Brothers' Mathematicians and scientists Luck. tell us there is no such thing as luck. There may not be, but it is a very expressive word, and I often wonder what other to use when dealing with the horses belonging to the Messrs. Joel. I also wonder whether Mr. Sol Joel uses the word when ruminating on the fortune that attends on his brother's horses and that on his own. It has always been singularly discrepant, but never more so than this season. While Mr. J. B. Joel's horses have been carrying all before them,



IN CHARGE OF THE ROYAL RACING STABLES AT EGERTON HOUSE: MR. RICHARD MARSH, THE KING'S

Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, who also acted in that capacity to King Edward, has some twenty-three horses in training at Egerton House, several of which have been nominated for important races. His Majesty has entered Polo, Mirabeau, and three home-bred colts for the Derby of 1912, and Mad Meg for the Oaks of that year. The Sandringham foals are very promising.

Photograph by Sport and General.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

sure, is to be symbolic, for they are to learn

all the useful artscooking, nursing, am-

swimming-as well as

to pitch a camp and to signal. "Flag - wag-

signal. "Flag - wag-ging," indeed, has be-

come a vastly popular accomplishment with

small girls, and we must remember that a knowledge of the Morse

code enables anyone to

work the telegraph in

world-wide Empire like

ours such knowledge is sometimes invaluable, and one has often read how, in India, great calamities have been

prevented by some outsider being able to handle the telegraph

handle the telegraph apparatus. The military

organisation of the scouts and guides un-

doubtedly appeals to the children; their uniforms,

flags, and badges give them an uplifted, martial

feeling which nothing else could bestow. In-deed, just when the

military spirit is being hotly condemned by

Socialists and those who

are in favour of peace

when there is no peace,

we are forced, if we

wish to carry any movement through-even a

religious and philan-

an emergency.

work.

and

bulance

The Boy Scouts' movement has already run Miss Baden Powell's triumphantly, like a happy epidemic, all over the globe, and I see no reason why, if ladies Girl Guides. will take up the similar scheme conceived by Miss Baden Powell for girls, a like result may not be achieved. The "guiding," to be

[Copvright.

A DAINTY SUMMER FROCK.

The frock is of embroidered linen over a pink-satin underskirt, with a tunic and Magyar bodice of white voile. A band of pale-blue satin is arranged under the fichu in front and caught at the side by two pinkchiffon roses.

thropic one-to borrow all the insignia, as well as the methods, of a thoroughly equipped Army. For discipline, courage, cheerfulness, patriotism, unselfishand cleanliness are military virtues, and they have all been included in these two big schemes for making our boys and girls happy and efficient creatures.

With the entry of Woman into public life, there Woman and will come great changes in the masculine Criticism. attitude towards her, and she must be prepared to stand a good deal of sharp criticism and a certain slackening of politeness and chivalry. In an amusing letter of the late Mr. Moberly Bell to Mrs. Craigie, he assures her that no woman writer did anything but resent bitterly adverse criticism of her work. Did the Times publish the mildest reproof of a famous authoress, instantly the lady would indite him an angry epistle pointing out the inferiority of his reviewer's judgment. Certainly, John Oliver Hobbes herself gave him proofs for his argument, for the author of "Some Emotions and a Moral" never took a literary castigation "lying down." Among other things to which women in public life will probably be subjected is the art of caricature, a form of reproof to which they have not hitherto been subjected. Our unique "Max," for instance, never employs his pencil on petticoats, save on two celebrated occasions, when he depicted the late Queen Victoria listening to Lord Tennyson, and Mrs. Humphry Ward as a very small child. Yet who knows if, in a few years' time, it may not be as lawful to caricature a feminine doctor, lawyer, painter, or writer as a masculine one! In the new era in which Woman comes

into her freedom she must expect quite as sharp criticism as her men contemporaries. For she cannot have it both ways-she cannot be a divinity on a pedestal, to whom all must doff the hat and bend the knee, and at the same time a competitor with man in the horrible struggle in the arena.

The other day that delightful legal humourist Gilded Sepulchres. Gilded Sepulchres. Judge Parry gave forth the aphorism that "the better a person is dressed, the less money he has, as a rule." It is a quaint paradox, but there is a good deal of truth in it, for in these days of snobbishness many people seek to impose on their contemporaries merely by the wearing of purple and fine linen. They cannot afford, they say, to go carelessly or shabbily dressed-a proceeding which would advertise their lean purses to all and sundry, and do no manner of good. Thus it is that the professional beggar in the street has often more in his pocket than the tall-hatted individual of whom he craves alms, and a mistress has often less to spend on a new hat than her own maid.

Whether people approve or not, there are always a considerable number of women in A Tonic in the Rouge Pot. Society who insist upon placing roses on cheeks to which Nature has been niggardly in the matter of colour, and now comes a well-known doctor to declare in favour of the practice. "Making up," he asserts, "has a distinctly beneficial effect upon character." This learned medico is all for a woman concealing her defects with the aid of powders and paints, and would encourage her, if she lacks natural beauty, to purchase her charms

over the counter with coin of the realm. Now the habit of applying artificial pink to the face may have an exhilarating effect on the woman who does it, but what about the spectators? Time was when a lady of fashion could no more be seen without her rouge than without her shoes; and this mode lasted for over a hundred yearsin some cases to the middle of the nine-teenth century. The celebrated Lady Morgan, who was portrayed by Sir Thomas Lawrence in her youth, begged her maid, when she was dying, in 1857, to touch her face and lips with rose-colour. This brilliant famous writer did not wish, she said, to "look a fright" when she was dead. But nowadays we do not feel like this about our personal appearance. Personal hygiene, exercise, and massage have taken the place of cosmetics. We are abysses apart from the elegant, meretricious eighteenth century, and to us there is something sinister and disquieting in the



A NEAT AND USEFUL MOTOR WRAP. This is a neat and useful wrap for motoring or other kinds of travelling. It is made of shantung, trimmed with large self-covered buttons, and a rather wide silk braid.

sight of a woman's visage daubed with white and red. It does not make us feel cheerful, whatever the effect on the lady herself; and, on the principle of the greatest happiness of the greater number, Woman should be discouraged from practising the art of painting the human skin.

CITY NOTES.

"Sketch" City Offices, 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

NINETEEN DAYS.

THE tradition of the long account is proverbially unfavourable to Stock Exchange markets, although recent experiences have shown that there may easily be exceptions to the rule. Various influences are at work which encourage the House to think that the present account will prove one of these. Money is becoming cheaper, and the lowering of the Bank Rate to 2\frac{1}{2} per cent. can be only a matter of a very little while. Apart from this, however, there is plenty of money available for employment round the Stock Exchange, the recent shake-out of the bull account having released a good deal of capital. In fact, it is difficult to lend money at remunerative rates on any bearer securities, and it stands to reason that the contangoes on Home Railway stocks will have to come down still further before long. There is, however, a fair-sized bull resision open in various departments even yet and this may bull position open in various departments even yet, and this may weigh upon prices unless business should improve. With the cheapening of money has come a torrent of new issues, and behind these are many more waiting for a favourable opportunity to appeal to the public. Business—that is, buying orders—is none too brisk, and it is well to tread warily just for the present time. and it is well to tread warily just for the present time.

THE HOME RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

That the London and South-Western's example in issuing more stock will be followed by some of the other big Companies is almost beyond doubt, and the fear of coming emissions cannot fail to exercise a check upon prices, unless there should be a recrudescence of the bullish excitement which prevailed in this market last month. For instance, the Brighton Company may be counted upon to require further capital in connection with its electrification ambitions. The London and North-Western also has an electrification scheme in contemplation, and with the financial outlook so much better than it was, the Company may deem it wise to appeal for more money within the next few months. Several of the others are not likely to miss the opportunity which the improvement in the market affords them of putting their financial houses into healthier order. We have certainly not lost faith in the Home Railway Market; but, on the other hand, it is more than likely that the anticipations of good showings to be made in July and August will be modified by the expectations of fresh capital requirements already mentioned. Consequently, to our mind, the market will remain in somewhat pacific condition, at all events for a time. Bumper Coronation traffics would, no doubt, put a different complexion upon prices, although to some extent this has already been allowed for in the rise that has taken place during the last three months. The attitude of the wise man, it seems to us, will be confident but cautious, for it must not be overlooked that, in spite of the recent reaction prices yet retain a very substantial improveof the recent reaction, prices yet retain a very substantial improve-ment, of which a great part is due to the prospects of the traffics next

RUBBER SHARES AS INVESTMENTS.

The disappointment caused by the Linggi dividend was felt most keenly by the speculator who had been looking for an extraordinary distribution. Its reflection in the prices all round the market was emphasised by the falling away below five shillings of the commodity, and again Rubber shares are very much out of fashion. At the current quotations, buyers of the best-class shares can get from 10 to 15 per cent. return. We need hardly reiterate the stock argument that the depression in the price of Rubber will be met by increased outputs from the Companies. As to will be met by increased outputs from the Companies. As to that, the future alone can show. In the meantime, the action of the Brazilian Syndicate is doing a great deal of harm, and the market would be very much better off if there had been no Valorisation Scheme at all. It may appear that for a commodity which can be produced at about a shilling a pound to stand at five times that amount is an accompanie follow: modity which can be produced at about a shilling a pound to stand at five times that amount is an economic fallacy, and one which the course of time will inevitably correct. On the reverse of the shield, it is manifest that the demand for rubber will go on increasing in the ordinary way, and shrewd people look for the price of the article to be maintained at an average of 4s. to 5s. in respect of the current year. This would enable the sound concerns to pay big dividends, even if they did not keep up the rates declared for the past year; and we should say that holders of the best-class varieties will do well to keep their shares as speculative investments paying much better than any other which can be obtained in the miscellaneous market, or, indeed, elsewhere throughout the Stock Exchange.

RUBBER FLORINERS.

We are often asked by correspondents to give a selection of some of the cheapest shares amongst the florin variety in the Rubber Market, and it may be well to set out a few suggestions made with the idea of showing which Companies are worth watching and which have reasonably good chances of doing well in the future. It has to be remembered, of course, that nearly all the younger concerns have their spurs to win, and that a whole series of accidents may happen to upset the expectations quite reasonably formed of their chances of success as they appear at present. Nevertheless, it is not likely that, out of a list of Rubber Companies, all will be visited by natural or other troubles; and as a lot of shares may be bought with a very little money, it is probable that the profit on one or two will considerably more than compensate for possible losses on others. Accordingly, after careful consideration of a small host of Rubber shares, we venture to suggest the following as quite good speculative invest-ments of their class. Their names and present prices are—

Name of Share.					Price.
Bukit Sembawang Rubber (1s. paid);	next c	all (Is.)	due Ju	ne	3d. premium:
Bukit Mertajam Rubber Company					2s. 9d.
Ceylon Timber and Rubber					4s. 6d.
Duckwari Tea and Rubber					. 4
Merlimau Rubber Estates					5s.
Pelepah Valley (Johore) Rubber					
Sengat Rubber Estate					1
Singapore United Rubber (1s. paid)					od. premium.
Tempeh (Java) Rubber Plantations					1s. 3d.
Way Halim (Sumatra) Rubber and					iold.
		* *			M

Out of the above list the last is the lowest-priced, and is the most speculative; but the Company is not doing at all badly, and it has coffee as well as rubber. Naturally, if the market for the leading shares is dull, these others will be similarly affected, and therefore, in buying them, it is necessary to take into account the possibility of having to wait before decent profits can be realised.

BROKEN HILL REVIVAL.

Attention has been called on several occasions in these columns Attention has been caned on several occasions in these conditions to the scope that exists for improvement in the prices of Sarres in Companies operating on the Barrier field. The Broken Hill concerns have gone through a bad time. They had everything against them in the way of prices for the metals, labour difficulties, and complete lack of public interest. The first two of these drawbacks complete lack of public interest. The first two of these drawbacks are now removed, but the third remains, and until it is out of the way the firmness of the market is not likely to develop into pronounced strength. There is, nevertheless, plenty of scope for advance in such shares as North and South Broken Hills; while in an active market the claims of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company would certainly not be overlooked. Amalgamated Zinc are a favourite with people in close touch with the market, and the rise in the price of the metal encourages the idea that these shares have a further spring in them. The Colony idea that these shares have a further spring in them. The Colony is taking very little more interest in Broken Hill things than London is; both Melbourne and Throgmorton Street look to each other for a lead in the matter, and neither seems at all disposed to give one. But for those who do not mind the risk of mining investments, and who like a good yield on the money, there are many more points in favour of these Broken Hill propositions than there are in the case of most of the leading Kaffir shares. Everything, of course, depends upon the outlook for the baser metal market, as to which those who are in a position to give a reliable opinion declare that the prospects are good enough to warrant the supposition that they have not yet come to the top.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Our friend The Stroller lay back in the armchair and puffed away at half a yard of cigar, what time his broker went on signing letters and contracts.

"We see funny little phases of human nature sometimes," and the broker stopped writing to make the trite remark. "You see these letters?

He held out three type-written lists of investments for enclosure

in some of the letters, and Our Stroller waited for him to continue.

"We send out a little printed market report every week, as you know," went on the broker. "And we make it a regular practice to include short lists of what we consider to be good investments."

His client nodded.

"But if a man wants to invest a few hundreds, do you think those lists are good enough for him? Not a bit of it. He wants one all to himself, and in those lists I've just shown you there are nearly all our printed selections incorporated, but the clients will be ten times more satisfied."

"That's natural enough."

"That's natural enough."

"Certainly. It's a phase of human nature, as I said just now."

"It gives a man a more personal feeling," Our Stroller defended.

"I daresay. And we often get letters from clients saying they have been recommended to buy things which look very nice on paper, but for which there's absolutely no market, and which you can't sell if you wanted to."

"That's not a phase; it's only the complexion of a phase."

"My ten-year-old can make better puns than that," scoffed the broker. "But just fancy buying bonds or shares and finding there's no market in them afterwards!"

"I suppose it's safer to find that out first" was the reply. "Are

"I suppose it is safer to find that out first," was the reply. "Are

"I suppose it is safer to find that out first," was the reply. "Are you going to be much longer?"

"Here's another man," went on the broker, ignoring the pointed inquiry, "who asks what we think of Randfontein. He says—where's that letter? Oh, here we are."

"He says 'I have written to three newspapers about them. One advises me to sell at once. Another says I ought to hold on, and the third one tells me to wait for a revival, and then get out. What is your opinion?"

The Stroller laughed heartily, but his broker didn't are it.

The Stroller laughed heartily, but his broker didn't see it in

the light of a joke at all.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

In the Thick of It. The pleasantest hustle there is, a London dreds of riders in the Row early in the morning, the Park is well filled every afternoon; there are two never failing attractions—the King rides in the morning, the Queen drives in the afternoon. There have been many glimpses caught of Queen Alexandra in a brougham, with the sharp, alert little face of Cæsar, her inseparable companion, looking out of the window. There are many dances every night. The opera season is now very brilliant; Madame Melba

had a royal and loyal welcome last week. The Princess Royal was there with her daughters. Princess Louis and Princess Louise of Battenberg were enjoying the music. The younger Princess is an elegant - looking girl with a small, well-shaped head and a clever, bright, artistic-looking face. She sings charmingly. Three remarkably handsome women occupied Lady Ripon's box: the owner, Princess Fless, and Lady Juliet Duff. The Countess of Huntingdon had her débutante daughter, Lady Kathleen Hastings, with her, and Lady Maidstone, who was escorted by her husband, was much admired. As was to be expected, the first Melba night was the most brilliant of the season.

Donegal a-Boom. The Irish northwest highlands are having a boom. Not as a beauty spot, not as a part of wild, unspoilt grandeur—in those aspects they have been known for some time. Now, under the guidance of Messrs. Debenham and Co., 91, Wimpole Street, the county of Donegal makes its bow as the centre of a new industry—the

as the centre of a new industry—the knitting of golf and sport coats. These are called the "Ivernit," a registered name, and they are the handwork of Irish peasants. There are no better knitted coats than these, because the workers have so much natural aptitude that they make the coats follow the lines of the figure. The wool used is the best and most elastic, and is specially spun in Scotland for the purpose. The

collars sit well, as in a tailorbuilt coat; the pockets are inserted, not patched on. There is no coat more excellent for all open-air purposes: it is warm, light, a protection from bad weather, and allow-ing perfect freedom of movement. The lengths are from 26 to 42 inches, and the prices retail from 25s. 6d. to 37s. 6d., according to length and to the variety of stitch required. There are the creel, the trellis, the kilt, and the cable stitches, and the colours are myrtle and emerald green, white, greys, tabac and dark brown, amethyst, black, navy, saxe, royal, rose, reseda, fawn, Lovat, and heather mixtures. Two thousand Irish peasants are now busily knitting these coats, which will be shown in the centre of the Irish section of the Imperial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. They will also be shown at the Manchester Coronation Exhibition. They are cheaper than the Swiss hand-knitted coats and, last and best, "Ivernit"

has carned the approval of the Queen, who never gives hers lightly, but has said of the coat she purchased that she is much pleased with it and considers it well made.

The Month's Courts. Their Majesties' State receptions of last week and of next complete the quartet of Courts for England of this season. One in Dublin and one in Edinburgh bring them up to six. The first was an especially

brilliant one. The Princess Royal attended with her two daughters, the younger of whom made her first appearance in the royal circle. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell acted as Lord Chamberlain, and read out the names very distinctly and imposingly. The Queen was in grey brocade, the pattern outlined with diamonds, at the first Court; and in white-and-gold brocade embroidered with diamonds at the second. Her Majesty wore the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, its star in diamonds, and superb jewels. The crown of fleurs-de-lis and Maltese crosses, worn by Queen Victoria, and of great beauty, is the tiara which the Queen seems to like best of the Crown jewels. Whether Queen Alexandra had one made like it for herself after the Accession, or whether this one was practically remade, I do not know. I fancy the latter is the case, for this all-round crown is with invisible setting, and is wonderfully beautiful. It is a Crown jewel.

The new Lady Decies was presented, and she looked, it is said, so young in a gown of white satin embroidered all over with diamonds, pearls, and crystals in a dainty and light design, finished with a heavy crystal fringe. The train of white satin had on it a beautiful design of lilies embroidered in silver, and it was bordered with ermine. The young bride wore superb diamonds and priceless pearls.

A Gem of a Salon of Gems.

Every year London makes strides in the beauty of the contrainer and interiors of her shape.

A Gem of a Salon of Gems.

Every year London makes strides in the beauty of the exteriors and interiors of her shops. A new fascination has been added to Bond Street in the new premises of Tecla, whose gems are so well known and who is now permanently established at 7, Old Bond Street. The exterior is in white marble and bronze in Louis XVI. style, which is consistently carried on in the beautiful rooms within—a scheme which is so much admired in Tecla's salons in the Rue de la Paix and at Nice and New York. The pearly inted carriet

yo Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., sir London addresses are 158-162. Street; and 220, Regent Street, W. and delicate grey walls, with their white pilasters and French medallions, are a model for a private drawing-room. The cabinets containing specimens of the famous Tecla jewels are themselves beautiful, while scattered about are little suede-topped tables and chairs of the dark, dull cane the old French furniture-designers used with such perfect effect. In such tasteful and sympathetic

surroundings it is a pleasure to see beautiful things—pendants, collars, brooches, bracelets, rings, and tiaras of Tecla gems, made by scientific processes from real gem-dust and mounted with real diamends in platinum. The atmosphere of the salon is just right for appreciating the taste and real beauty of the ornaments.

Princess Henry of Batten-



WHY NOT SILVER TRAMS FOR ALL? A MODEL PRESENTED

TO THE LORD MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.

This model of a tram-car in solid silver was recently presented to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield (Alderman H. K. Stephenson, J.P.) on the occasion of his opening a car depot in connection with the Sheffield tramways. It is a complete working model, to scale. The roof of the

car lifts off, disclosing a cedar-wood lined receptacle for private papers or cigarettes. The model was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd.,

at their Sheffield manufactory. Their London addresses are 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street, W.

DECORATIVE ART APPLIED TO SHOP INTERIORS: THE NEW TECLA PREMISES IN BOND STREET.

It is much nicer to buy beautiful jewellery in a beautiful room, just as a tasteful binding enhances the pleasure of a book. The new and artistically furnished Bond Street premises of M. Tecla, the wizard who makes gems by his wonderful scientific alchemy, are a fitting repository for jewels and an added incentive to the buyers thereof.

berg will open on the 26th a "rainbow fête" in aid of certain cots in Sir William Treloar's Cripples' Home and College at Acton. And while the charities due to his initiative flourish, Sir William himself does likewise. He is a shining example to all men who are not cripples, not only in his care for the maim and halt, but in his proper care for himself. Upright and commanding, he seems to be the very personification of rural robustness — a county champion. But if Sir William has the exterior of a Cornish be here a tengue and manner.

Admiral out of Elizabeth's reign, he has a tongue and manner to put him on good terms with any man who encounters him before the penny box of bargains in the street of odd volumes. When Sir William, the shrewdest of magistrates, announced the other day that he was about to pay a visit to Paris, he was offered by a mysterious correspondent the address of Peter the Painter. But he believed sufficiently in the existence of that gentleman to refuse the pleasure of calling on him.

Continued from Page 200.]
"I think your client is very candid to admit he has written to the newspapers," laughed our friend. "What are you going to

"Well, I can't advise anyone to sell Kaffirs in a market like this. But if he has a wish to sell, I shouldn't like to dissuade him. We always let a man follow his own inclination unless we feel very strongly in the opposite direction."

"But supposing you knew that a thing was a swindle-

"Ah, that's where the value of a good broker does come in. can save his clients a lot of money. You will say that's a very negative sort of usefulness; and so, in a way, it is."
"We all want tips," said The Stroller. "You get plenty, I suppose?"

The broker's partner had just come in from the House, and said he had been given the reddest-hottest tip to buy Canadian Wheat Lands at 130 for Special Settlement.
"I never heard of them," confessed our friend.

"Neither have I. But my informant was so cocksure about it

that I bought a hundred for the firm."

"That's one of the ways in which we lose our money," said his partner. "We go and buy things just on some blessed

"Good word, blessed," laughed the other. "And seven times out of ten we lose."

"Nine times out of ten would be nearer. You can't talk, old How about the two hundred Willoughbys you treated us to the other day at a pound?"

"Willoughbys have a thundering good prospect-

"I wish they'd move up like lightning then. "Don't be in too much of a hurry.

"But members of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to speculate, surely?" said The Stroller.

"I have known their wives forbid it," replied his broker. "Let's get out. Come and sit here, old man, and finish the signing."

Then they went into the street, and in less than a quarter of an hour Our Stroller had heard from half-a-score of the broker's friends that the quickest short cuts to fortune were viâ the path of purchasing Bullfinches, Mexican Rails, Eries, Black Seas, 'Bus stock, Brighton "A," Western Canada Lands, Mozambiques, Peru Prefer-

ence, Way Halim, Siberian Syndicates, and a few others.

"Everybody says 'Buy!" and Our Stroller looked plainly perplexed. "Not a man has said 'Sell' anything. How do you account for that?"

"Human nature," said the broker. "It's just another funny little phase of human nature!'

Saturday, Miy 13. 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. W. H .- There is still a market for most of the best of these bonds in the

Stock Exchange.

J. M. H.—The output to date is about 15,000 lb. of rubber. We hold a very poor opinion of the Company; the shares stand at something like threepence to

CEPPEE.—(1) We should not care to take the shares. (2) River Plate Electricity Ordinary stand at 223 ex-dividend, and the Company is doing very well. (3) No, to both inquiries. (4) Certainly a most unwise purchase, in our

PUZZLED.—Will you please send us the broker's contract and statement? Otherwise we cannot understand it at all.

RHADA.—Your inquiry is answered in the above Notes. The shares are

well worth holding.

FIRST STEPS.—(1) We know of no special reason, but the general dulness of the Rubber Market fully explains it. They are a good speculative investment. the Rubber Market fully explains it. They (2) Thank you for your courteous comment.

PREMIER OIL AND PIPE-LINE. - An eminently successful undertaking in its so far brief career is the Premier Oil and Pipe-Line Company, with which the well-known firm of Messrs. Van den Bergh are prominently associated. It has paid several good interim dividends already, and by its new acquisition in the famous Tustanowike oil district of Galicia is expected to do still better. Dividends of 25 per cent. per annum are, in fact, believed to be in prospect. Premier Pipe-line shareholders, as well as buyers prior to the 22nd inst., are offered shares at par, while the market is round about 24s. Great interest is also being taken in the shares of the Maikop and Eastern Oil Company, and the outlook is said to be promising. The Company has a capital of £50,000 in 2s. shares. It possesses share interests in Maikop, Grozny, and Egypt, and in view of the continued activity in the Oil Market, Maikop and Easterns are expected to touch higher prices.

ZAAIPLAATS TIN MINING COMPANY .-- At the present price Zaaiplaats Tin Mining shares return a little over 10 per cent. to the holder, and it is said that there is every probability of this being shortly exceeded, as an addition to the plant is contemplated in the near future, when the capacity should be raised from 2300 tons of ore per month to 3500 tons per month. The property is in the Waterburg district of the Transvaal. The capital is £60,000 in 5s. shares, on which quarterly dividends are being earned and paid of 2s. 6d., the next being due in July. So far, more than twenty pipes of tin have been discovered, many of which have not yet been opened up; and the engineer states in his report that in the three pipes which have been followed down to a great depth neither size nor value shows any diminution.

A Magnificent Selection of SILVER NOVELTIES always in Stock.

ALL GOODS marked in PLAIN FIGURES at strictly net CASH PRICES.



No. Sr. Solid Silver Ladies' Card Case, with Pencil. Complete, 37/6



No. S 5. Silver Writing Set in Satin-lined Case. Complete, 18/9



No. S 2. Regd. Pattern. "THE DAINTY" Afternoon Coffee Cup and Saucer. Cup in Silver Frame, English China. Complete, 12/6



No. S6. A Choice Presentation Rose Bowl, in Solid Silver, two beautifully designed Dragon Head Handles. Complete with Net, £17 17 0



No. S 4. S olid Silver Smoker's Set, Cigarette Case, Matchbox, and Cigarette Tube. Complete, 25/6



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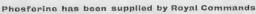
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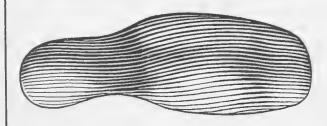


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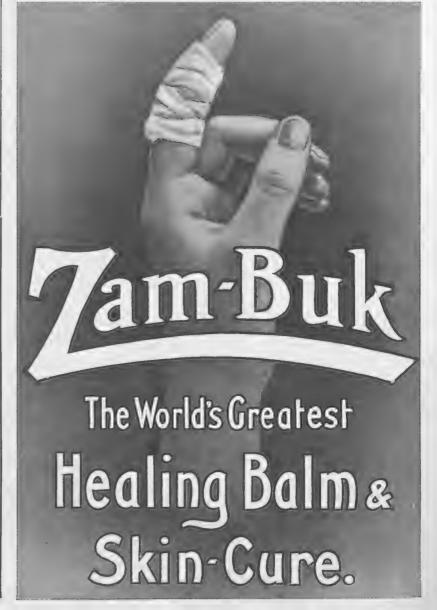
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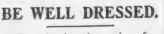


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Peugeots Prolonged. The name "Peugeot" stands for much in the in the early days and now it has been indented in the speedables. The rate of progress achieved lately by the two-cylinder Lion-Peugeot driven by Boillot is more than astonishing when the engine-dimensions are considered. The latest Peugeot flier has a two-cylinder motor, 80 mm. (3½ in.) bore, and—but here's the rub—280 mm. (or no less than 11 in.) stroke. This compares in a remarkable manner with the 120 mm. (4¾ in. stroke) which would usually accompany a like bore in an engine for light-car propulsion. In assailing the half-mile, fifty miles, one hour, and hundred miles times, the Lion-Peugeot was, after all, only attacking what she hald made her own with one cylinder, and succeeded in covering a flying half-mile in 24 sec.=74°38 miles per hour; fifty miles in 39 min. 47 sec.; and the full hundred, including changing a burst cover, in 1 hour 29 min. 28 sec. Truly these are the days of speed of small things.

More Grants in Aid.

Motorists may regard with pride, and the ratepayers particularly concerned with gratitude, the second official list of grants to local authorities made by the Road Board out of the money derived from the motor-car and petrol taxes, in respect to the cost of widening roads at dangerous points, improving junctions and corners, reconstructing old or building new bridges, resurfacing with tar macadam, and treating with tar spray. Advances have been intimated to many

other authorities, but the details are not yet complete. Thirteen Councils, however, figure in the present list, the lion's share (no less a sum than £12,800) going to Cheshire. I am glad to note that all but £601 of this amount is for surfacing $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles of main road with tar macadam and surface-tarring no less than 91 miles of similar highway. Essex, usually adjudged a poor county, receives the next largest amount, £9350; but this is for surfacing road between Boreham and Mark's Tey with improved material, presumably not tar macadam. Norfolk gets £8000, mainly for surface-tarring.

Experimental Surfaces.

Lincolnshire gets several amounts in respect to what are evidently experimental stretches; for one mile of Tarvia-bound macadam, one-and-a-half miles of Ferromac-bound macadam, and two miles of Vianex-bound macadam are mentioned. Shropshire has surfaced no less than 87 miles of main road with tar macadam, in respect to which £3861 has been granted. Rutlandshire has evidently also put down an experimental mile of Ferromac, and gets £400 in aid. Bearing in mind the plundering of motorists in certain parts of Sussex, one almost regrets the award of £8200, although a certain proportion of that sum is in respect to improvements on the London-Brighton, Horsham and Guildford, and Horsham and Worthing roads. Northamptonshire has treated with tarmac 17½, and surface-tarred 52, miles of main road.

All About British Cars.

From the pen of that veteran expert Mr. J. S. Critchley has issued a very valuable little work on British Motor Vehicles. In the main it consists of all the details of all the British cars now built, in specification form. Each maker has a page to himself, and each type of car made by him, whether few or many, has a column of its own. In this column under the horse-power and type designation, may be found all the salient points of the chassis, such as stroke and bore, R.A.C. rating, character of lubrication, description of ignition and clutch, number of speeds and method of gearchange, etc, concluding with the cost of packing. Vastly useful in these days, when men talk millimetres and inches in a single breath, is the table of inches and millimetres advancing by thirty-seconds of an inch, and running from which is the table of inches and millimetres advancing by thirty-seconds of an inch, and running from which is an introduction from the always interesting pen of Sir John Macdonald. The book is published at 1s., by Messrs. Charles D. Clayton, Limited, 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

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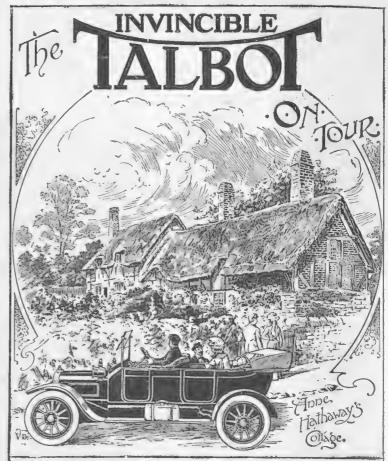


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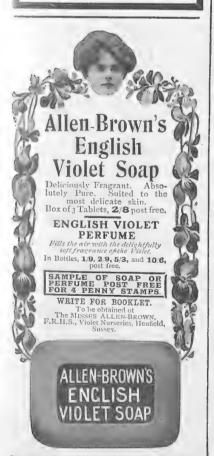
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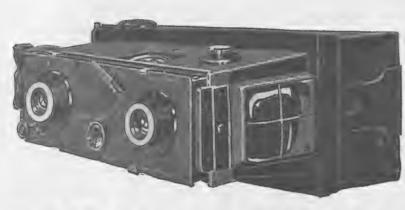
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the German Emperor and his Versatility; Mr. Balfour in Flight; Eligible Princesses and Those They Should Marry; Mrs. George Cornwallis-West as the Empress Theodora; "The Great Lafayette and Beauty"; Daughters of Eve in a Winter Garden; Mr. George Grossmith, jnr.; Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia; "Peggy," at the Gaiety; and "Kismet," at the Garrick.

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THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

N my walks I pass three houses with outbuildings that are supposed to find protection in the presence of a yard-dog. During the fine weather I see these places two or three times a week and at all hours, but in the course of years I have never found the dogs off the chain. Day in, day out, they are waiting to spring to the length of their tether and bark as soon as I come in sight and until I am out of hearing. I have asked the owners more than once when the dogs are exercised, and the answer is "Now and again," or "When I get the time." The only explanation vouchsafed is that they are "yard-dogs." It reminds me of the answer of the polite Spaniard when you have been led to some expression of pity for the poor horses that are disembowelled before a delighted audience in the Plaza de Toros. "They aren't worth anything," he tells you; "they are quite worn out." The yard-dog is presumed to be good for nothing save his wretched duty, and even he, if not quite worn out, must lead a miserable life. I have noticed that nothing excites those I see so much as the sight of my own dogs when they are with me. Mine make no attempt to interfere with their captive cousins—happily, they are not on terms of intimacy with captivity; but the sight of their freedom rouses the chained dogs to an excess of rage. While one is forced to believe that many humanitarian causes are done to death nowadays, it seems a pity that the yard-dog can find no friends, and that the cruelty of close confinement cannot be brought home to those who are merely thoughtless, and if they paused to think, would see their dogs exercised at least twice a day.

Unfortunately, the case of the yard-dog does not stand alone; there is a regrettable tendency in the country to keep all manner of birds and beasts divorced from their proper surroundings. To keep ducks and geese away from water is quite a common offence, and to shut British song-birds in cages is a cruel and an absurd practice that obtains all along the countryside, where there is enough bird-song at the proper season of the year to satisfy the most extravagant demands. Equally absurd is the fashion of buying foreign birds and trying to acclimatise them without proper knowledge of the conditions and the food they require. I must plead guilty to this error myself, for, some years ago, I tried the experiment of turning some quail down. They might have managed to thrive on a warm, gravel soil; but the cold clays which were all I had to offer them proved fatal, and it was this failure that set me inquiring more closely into the conditions required for successful acclimatisation. In England we have been able to acclimatise very few birds or beasts; the death-roll, even in places like the Zoological Society's

Gardens, is very heavy. The pheasant and the red-legged partridge are prominent among the few successes achieved, and it is extremely unlikely that many more will be recorded. The introduction of the Highland red deer and a few Central European varieties has been tried in a park near me, but the experiment has not succeeded. The animals are fed at great expense in the winter and the spring; but though they may weather the cold, the turn of the year plays havoc among them—they die by the score. Our climate is not a hospitable one, and I sometimes think that the stray migrants blown over here by winter storms would soon elect to go home again if they could escape the peripatetic gunner who is always waiting to welcome them. People say that of old time this country provided a home for countless birds and several beasts that may now be sought in vain, and there is no doubt that they are right; but, while it is possible that our climate has changed to some perceptible degree in a few centuries, it is certain that the draining of marshes, the cultivation of wastes, and, above all, the felling of timber, have altered the conditions that were specially favourable to migrating birds, and are best for wild life generally. On the other hand, the desire to try experiments fills many a model farmyard and many pleasure-grounds with strange animals and birds of exotic plumage, that try hard to fit in with their surroundings and fail.

exotic plumage, that try hard to fit in with their surroundings and fail.

In France, on the other hand, I have heard of late of some remarkable experiments in acclimatisation, made under the superintendence of men who have more than a passing acquaintance with foreign countries and natural history, and crowned with success. There is a curious side to this. When the Englishman goes out to one of our Colonies he becomes reconciled to the change in a very little while, and is seldom in any hurry to return. More often than not, he settles for life, and his children come back to the Old Country only for a holiday. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is always a Frenchman, and makes his foreign sojourn tolerable by creating as many as possible of the conditions he has left behind. As soon as he can afford to return to France, he has no further use for the colony, and, returning, he brings with him a fairly intimate knowledge of his colony's fauna, and perhaps, as souvenirs of an unpleasant experience, a few specimens of species that are most likely to thrive. So it happens that on the way to the Pyrenees and along the Mediterranean littoral, where it is possible to reproduce sub-tropical conditions for which we should look in vain to the most sheltered corner of Southern England, there are strange species of fauna and avifauna thriving happily in captivity. But there are a thousand miles between us and the Mediterranean littoral, whose natural conditions can find no counterpart even along the famous Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, and ambition cannot bridge the gap.

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"Other Laws." By John Parkinson.

It needed no Maeterlinck (whose name Mr. Parkinson invokes in his title-page quotation) to discover the quarrel between natural science

have stood in the hurly-burly of their hostile encounters watching the issue with temperamental hope or fear. Nor can it be claimed that "Other Laws" leaves the matter nearer settlement. No one of Mr. Parkinson's little group therein is equipped with sufficient brilliance or conviction to stand up to his Angela, the enthusiastic zoological student. "Poor father!" she thought, after a brush with that worthy clergyman; "he reminds me so of a sheep. And he's supposed to be a shepherd!" Angela had a way of thinking of people as though they were animals. It helped to fix her ideas, she said. Captain Hovey, D.S.O., reminded her of a humming-bird. Humming-birds have no place in the forward movement of evolving life. Time can only make them more pretty, more useless, finally abnormal and exaggerated. And the Captain, seconded from his regiment for Nigerian service, plays the banjo to Africa and her secrets, and, when questioned by Angela, can only say, "Beastly place! The flies are awful!" He didn't even know what the flies were! A somewhat unconvincing love-affair lends continuity to African travels of explor-But those travels, as told in Book II., form a gem of descriptive writing. The characters of the two explorers, equally brave and resourceful, are nicely balanced-Hawkins, something of a philosopher, a little of an egotist, lured from the constraints of men to the tyrannies of Nature; and Robinson, seeing more generously, though less deeply, admiring where Hawkins analysed, simple and traditionally masculine. Animal life, that incessant accompaniment of tropical climates, swarms about their progress. While Robinson chats in the evening he alternately rubs his arms, for there had been sandflies in the camp. Innumerable flying ants crawl up their lamp hung in the blackness of the trees by the twilight of the open river-bed; they strike quivering on the oily corners and skirmish with inconsequent speed across the Hawkins twists his long aluminium tumbler round in the faint light, removes a large ant from the interior and drinks. A curious note is given to the conflagration of Kwelli by the huge green mantis that sits on the table-edge, its forelegs balanced daintily in the air, and gazes at them curiously with great stalked eyes. Even the domestic goat becomes exotic, seems sinister and black, "with an erect tail and sinful yellow eyes, wandering

slowly townwards." And how beautiful is this moonlight in the forest, "which stretched away below them, to right and left and around, without break, interminable, a boundless tangle of struggling vegetation, oppressive in its vastness! The sky was overcast, dappled with cloud half cirrus, half cumulus, only a solitary star showing through here and there, dim, lacking the bold brilliancy of the tropic night. But the air was alive with a wonderful glow, for around one point, high overhead, the clouds of dusky wool turned to swansdown, where the wandering moon lay in a nest of thrush-egg blue. And the light from the moon coloured everything." Or again, rain in the forest: a vertical downpour like a shower-bath. "And thereafter, when the thunder had rolled into the distance, the ground steamed by day, and at dawn mists, like whiter, wider smoke clouded the forest, and floated daintily upwards in wreaths towards the treetops." Such pictures, animated with the toil and joy of real exploration, are too good to lie between the conventional drama of drawing-rooms. would like to have them alone and worthily dressed as a piquant companion to White's "Selborne."

"Suffragette Sally." By G. COLMORE. (Stanley Paul.)

"Suffragette Sally" is frankly a tract for the W.S.P.U. And, after the manner of tracts, it is more likely to confirm the already convinced than to convert the heretic. It recalls events

of the political yesterday, and newspapers not long banished to the kitchen have been searched for reports of meeting or police court. The theme is too close, and the expounder too warm for calm adjustment. Nor is anything new added to the familiar arguments of Woman's Suffrage. "Sally's" career—and, domestically, it is surrounded by an out-of-date halo-will be read fervently by some, impatiently by others, and drift down to gentle oblivion.

"Burning Daylight."

The call to the wild is calling still in Mr. London's latest story. It is no longer an obsession brave and manly; it is the road to

By Jack London. (Heinemann.) obsession brave and manly; it is the road to physical and ethical salvation. Burning Daylight received his baptism, as such, with the ready-witted company of miners, because of an unconquerable vitality. "Burning daylight!" he would cry, long before dawn, to sleepers heavy with exhaustion from the previous day's toil. A hero among men hard in endurance, a luckier Cyrano, a gambler par excellence, he had the knack of accumulating the legend of his prowess in fine dramatic ratio. When one accompanies him across the frozen Yukon country—two thousand miles of it in sixty days, and the thermometer incredibly below zero—one knows that the triumphant thermometer incredibly below zero—one knows that the triumphant



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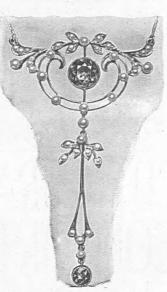


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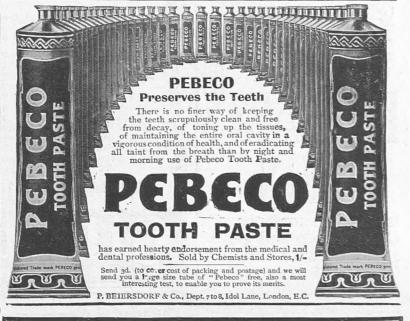
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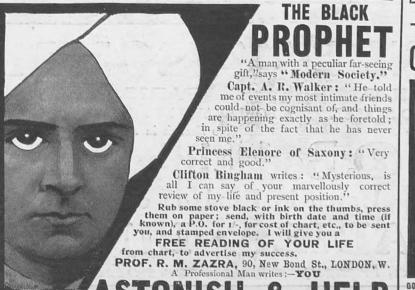
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